

The Minden Echo.

AND HALIBURTON RECORDER.

MINDEN ONTARIO, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 25, 1892.

144326

JOHN H. DELAMERE,
PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR.

VOL. IX, No. 13.
TERMS \$1 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE.

WANTED—A smart boy to learn the printing. Apply at this office. This is a splendid chance for an enterprising youth.

Mr. H. Preddy, Practical Watch and Clock Maker has commenced business at Mr. Barry's hotel, Minden; give him a start.

WANTED—A good general servant. Good wages. Apply to Chas. D. Barr, Registrar of Deeds, Lindsay.

WOOD TAKEN—Those of our subscribers wishing to pay their back subscriptions in wood may do so if they deliver it at once.

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Office in rear of Post Office,
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Issuer of Marriage Licenses, Conveyancer, etc.
Office on Water street, Minden, Ont.

WALTER MUNN, Agent & Collector for The Singer Manufacturing Co., for County of Haliburton. Residence and P. O. address,
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Machine Oil and Needles always on hand.

H. B. DEAN, CLERK, SOLICITOR, etc., etc., Office, Bigelow's Block, Kent St., Lindsay, over R. Smith's Dry Goods Store. \$10,000 to loan at 6 per cent.

JOHN H. DELAMERE,
COUNTY CLERK PROV. CO. HALIBURTON,
Insurance Agent, Conveyancer, Valuator, etc., etc., Licensed Auctioneer for the County, Minden, Ont.

JOHN WILSON, Auctioneer and valuator for Victoria County, and dealer in second hand furniture, old iron, copper, &c., William Street, Lindsay. R. G. Height agent for the County of Haliburton.

DENTISTRY, J. NEELANDS, L.D.S., M.R.C.D.S., Ont., Dentist, Lindsay. Teeth extracted positively without pain. Beautiful artificial teeth in the latest moderate prices.

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Notary Public, Division County, Provisional County of Haliburton; County Auctioneer; agent for all kinds of agricultural implements. Accounts promptly collected. Estates assigned to him will receive proper attention. Orders left at Curry's Drug Store will be promptly filled.

G. GEORGE BARRY, proprietor of the hotel known as the Sycamore House, has good accommodation for the travelling public, and has also good stabling with attentive hostler always on hand. Bar well supplied with choice liquors, cigars, &c.
G. Barry,
Proprietor.

IRONDALE HOTEL,
IRONDALE, ONTARIO.
This hotel offers first class accommodation for the travelling public. Camping parties stopping at this house will be furnished with eggs, cakes, &c. The best brands of liquors and cigars always kept on hand.
S. E. HANCOCK, PROPRIETOR.

GORDON & LUCAS,
HOUSE, SIGN & CARPENTERS,
Haliburton.
Kalamining, Paper Hanging &c., &c.
Orders left at this office promptly attended to.
M. GORDON, J. R. LUCAS

GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL,
HALIBURTON, ONT.
JOHN A. LUCAS, PROPRIETOR.
Offers first class accommodation for travelers. The Bar is supplied with the choicest brands of Liquors and Cigars.
Good stabling and an attentive hostler always on hand.
Haliburton, August 1889.

MINDEN HOTEL,
MINDEN, ONT.
This favorite hotel has been recently renovated and improved. It offers first class accommodation for the travelling public. Guests are supplied with all that is necessary and the stabling will be found commodious and comfortable with a good hostler always on hand. A first class Commercial Room has also been added up, making this one of the best equipped in the county.
W. TERRY, PROPRIETOR.
Minden, Jan. 5, 1891.

DOMINION HOTEL,
MINDEN, ONTARIO.
The proprietor of this well-known hotel wishes to inform his friends and acquaintances and the public that since he has rented this house he has made it both internally and externally suitable to all those who may favor him with a call. Good sample rooms, large and commodious stabling and store house. A well kept table. Meals to be had at all hours. The bar well supplied with wines, liquors, ales and cigars, of the best quality.
Furnished men stopping at this house will be furnished with dogs, canoes and help.
JOSEPH PYM.

Farm for Sale.

200 Acres, Township of Snowden, being Lots 10 and 11 in 6th Con.; about 50 acres cleared, Lot 11 all hardwood. Terms easy, apply to M. BROWN, Minden, or W. McINTOSH, Newcastle.

Mail Stage Route

— BETWEEN —
MINDEN & GELERT,
Twice Daily Each Way

Leaves Minden at 5.15 a.m. and 4 p.m., returning from Gelert immediately after arrival of trains.

DONALD J. HARTLE,

Proprietor

English Spavin Liniment removes all hard, soft or calloused Lumps and Blebs from horses' Blood Spavin, Curbs Splints, King Bone, Sweeney Stiffles, Sprains, Sore & Swollen Throat, Coughs, etc. Save \$5.00 by use of one bottle. Warranted by F. R. Curry.

JUDGE NOT

Judge not; the workings of his brain And of his heart thou canst not see; What looks to thee dim eyes a stain, In God's pure light may only be A scar, brought from well won field, Where thou wouldst only faint and yield. The look, the air, that frets thy sight, May be a token that below The soul has closed in deadly fight With some internal fiend for whose Whose glance would scorch thy smiling grace, And cast thee, shuddering on thy face!

The fall thou darest to despise, May be the angel's slackened hand Has suffered it, that he may rise And take a firmer, surer stand; Or, trusting less to earthly things, May henceforth learn to use his wings.

And judge none lost; but wait and see With hopeful pity, not disdain. The depth of the abyss may be The measure of the height of pain And love and glory that may raise This soul to God in after days.

Rheumatism Cured in a Day—South American Rheumatic Cure for Rheumatism and Neuralgia radically cures in 1 to 3 days. Its action upon the system is remarkable and mysterious. It removes at once the cause and the disease immediately disappears. The first dose greatly benefits. 75 cents. Warranted by F. R. Curry.

The Minden Echo.

MINDEN, FRIDAY, NOV 25, 1892

PERSONAL.

Mr. J. W. Hales, of Apsley, visited Minden last week on business.

Miss H. Albertha Workman, of Lindsay, is visiting her friends in Minden.

Miss Lizzie Clarke, of Toronto, is visiting her sister, Mrs. D. C. Hartle, in Minden.

Rev. S. J. Green takes Rev. Mr. Rogers' appointments of the Irondale mission next Sunday.

Mr. J. C. Roy, of Fenelon Falls, made his friends in Minden a flying visit on Tuesday evening last.

Rev. W. H. Leary preaches at Gelert at 10.30 a.m.; Stratford's at 2.30 p.m. and Lindsay's at 6.30 p.m. next Sunday.

Mr. G. W. Stevens, of Stanhope, who has been visiting the hunting grounds of Muskoka, returned home on Saturday last.

Mrs. Damion, of Stanhope, who has been absent visiting her friends in Western Ontario the past few weeks returned home last week.

Mr. R. C. Garratt, our portly bailiff, was laid up last week, but we were glad to see him able to be around the office again.

Take Rev. Mr. Green's work, as follows: Progress at 11 a.m.; Providence at 2.30 p.m.; and Minden at 6.30 p.m.

Mr. Alex. McIntosh has returned from Haliburton, having completed his contract there and will be found at his workshop in Minden, where he is prepared to fill all orders in his line promptly.

Misses Workman, Simpson & Co. have moved into their new premises, near the river, where they are opening out a large stock of groceries, boots, clothing, etc., at low prices.

Mr. Wm. King, conducting business between Lindsay and Minden, is in the city.

Mr. Joseph Simpson, of the port, is in the city.

Mr. John Coburn, of Lindsay, who is in charge of the lumbering operations of Sadler & Co., in Anson Township, passed through Minden yesterday en route for his camp.

Mr. H. Sluman, formerly of the Sluman House, Minden, is we are sorry to learn confined in his bed by illness. Mr. Sluman has been aiding for a long time and seems to be gradually getting weaker.

Mrs. F. S. Burr, who took first prize for home made bread at the recent fall show here, which was made from "Rathbun" Diamond brand flour received an additional prize from the millers of a couple of bushels of flour.

Mr. F. R. Curry has returned home and is now opening out a splendidly assorted stock of holiday goods besides a general assortment of drugs, medicines, stationery and Fancy Goods, such as are usually kept in first class establishments.

Drs. McAlpine of Lindsay, and Graham of Fenelon Falls, made professional visits to Minden on Tuesday last having been called in consultation respecting Mr. Joseph Pym, of this place, and also Mrs. Thomas Bradley, of Anson Township.

Mrs. Thomas Bradley, of the Scotch Line, Anson, has been in very poor health for some time past and on Tuesday last Drs. McAlpine and Graham were called in consultation with Dr. Curry, regarding her unsatisfactory condition, but it is satisfactory to know that everything that medical skill can accomplish is being done for her by her physicians. The many friends of Mr. & Mrs. Bradley and family will be pleased to hear that at last reports the good lady was somewhat improved. We earnestly hope this improvement will continue.

LOCAL.

"Taffy Pulls" have been all the go the past few weeks.

Subscribe for the Echo at once; only \$1.00 from now till 1st January, 1894.

Men's Waterproof Felt Boots, Lumbermen's Rubbers and Felt and Kib socks, &c., cheapest and best at Perkins & Co., 52 Kent Street, Lindsay. —23rd

An "At Home" will be held under the auspices of the Epworth League, on Friday, Dec. 2nd, at 7.30 p.m., at the Church. Ladies, cordially invited. All are welcome.

DENTAL—J. D. Cottingham, a dentist, will continue his practice at the Sluman House for another two or three years. Those wishing to have teeth filled or extracted or replaced would do well to give him a call.

ACCIDENT—Mr. John Hubbig, Township Treasurer of Luttrellworth, had the misfortune last week in getting out of his wagon to slip and fall upon the wheel of the wagon, being run over by a man he had hired a couple of his ribs and has been laid up in consequence, but we understand he is now progressing favorably towards convalescence.

Oh, What a Cough!

Will you heed the warning. The signal perhaps of the sure approach of that more terrible disease Consumption. Ask yourselves if you can afford for the sake of saving 10c., to run the risk and do nothing for it. We know from experience that Shill's Cure will cure your cough. It never fails.

VANDALISM—Some young scamp, the owner of a jack knife the other evening deliberately whittled a piece out of the window of Workman & Co.'s new building. If the parents of some of the young crows who are seen about the streets late at night in this village, would keep their boys at home and send them to bed in proper time, they would benefit their boys, save themselves heartaches in the near future, and prevent their graduating in blackguardism.

Subscribers to the Echo, who have not as yet paid up their subscriptions will please do so at once. Cash preferred, but would be taken if delivered at once. We mean just what we say, as we need money to buy paper and ink to produce the Echo. Two or three dollars or even five in itself, is but a small amount, but when three or four hundred owe from two to five dollars each, the aggregate amount is no small sum. Now, reader, if you do, you think it is honest and fair to make a few considerable friends to whom we tender our thanks for their promptness in paying the Echo. We feel in duty bound to give you a good paper, and it requires money to do so.

SERIOUSLY ILL—We are sorry to report that Mr. J. D. Cottingham, who had his thigh fractured, is in consequence of his position, with serious chest troubles that have been much aggravated and he is now in a very critical condition. Dr. McAlpine is called in consultation with Dr. Graham, of Fenelon Falls, and Dr. Curry, of Lindsay, to attend to him.

Read! Mark! Learn!

Our Harness is made specially for us by one of the best hand made harness makers in Canada. Call and talk harness to GORRIE; it will pay you.

Blankets, Full Cloths, Flannels, Ten Per Cent. Cheaper than ever before. See them at Gorrie's.

People appreciate a good article at a reasonable price, thus the reason they call on Gorrie.

You don't always strike a store-keeper who is willing to give you the same value for the money.

We are not the KICKING SORT; if other dealers are doing a good trade, we are glad of it.

People come here to trade, and we are in duty bound to do our best by them to insure their return.

We invite every customer to come this month. Stock is complete in every line, besides OUR SPECIALS.

There are four stores here; if we have not got what you want we will give you the money for your produce to go to the other stores to look for it. We give them a share.

If you have not been here yet, come now, it will pay you well.

Dan'l Gorrie, Haliburton.

We work twelve hours a day and don't grumble, the store then closes at 7 p.m. every evening, Saturday excepted.

J. G. EDWARDS

Importer and Dealer

Miners Supplies

DYNAMITE

A Fresh Stock arrived this week. Special Price for 50 & 100 lb. Lots.

Blasting Powder,

Cast Steel for Drills, Double Tape Fuse, Pulley

Blocks, Rope & Chain, Wheelbarrows, Hammers.

Orders promptly filled. Prices Low. Satisfaction Guaranteed.

J. G. EDWARDS,

110 Kent St., LINDSAY.

The Echo will be sent to any address in Canada or the United States from now till 1st January, 1894, for only \$1.00.

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MINUTEMAN

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THE WEEK'S NEWS.

CANADIAN.

A passenger is said to have been taken off the Lake Ontario at Grosse Ile suffering from smallpox.

The Canadian schooner Neelon is high and dry on Manitou Island, having been driven on in last Thursday's gale. It is feared the vessel will be a total loss.

Amherst Island is anxious to become part of Frontenac county, Ont., claiming that Kingston is its natural market.

The Dominion Minister of Public Works has returned from New York, where he made a thorough inspection of the quarantine system.

The sheriff's sale of the Montreal and Sorel railway will take place on December 6, and a powerful syndicate has been formed with a view to purchasing it.

Following closely on Archbishop Fabre's pastoral placing the Canada Revue and L'Echo des Deux Montagnes under the ban, comes the arrest of Mr. A. Filatrault, managing editor of the Revue, at the instance of Rev. Abbe Baillarge, on the charge of defamatory libel.

The steamer City of Lincoln, from Montreal, has arrived at Liverpool. She encountered terribly severe weather in crossing the Atlantic, and lost over a hundred head of cattle and a number of hogs.

Five members of a Swedish family on board the steamship Circassian, now at Grosse Ile, are seriously ill, the symptoms being diarrhoea, vomiting, and cramps. The provincial health authorities at Quebec have ordered a thorough inspection of the ship when she reaches that port.

In answer to the request to run a boat to Hamilton, the Richelieu and Ontario Navigation Company replied that it could not do so without building a new boat, and this it was not prepared to do.

Dr. Dillabough, of Hamilton, Ont., charged with attempting to defraud the heirs of the late Mr. Sharp out of \$2,000, was committed for trial by Police Magistrate Cahill.

The steamer State of Georgia is again in trouble. About two weeks ago she struck a rock going down the St. Lawrence and was stranded for several days, and now a cablegram comes from St. John's, Nfld., with the information that the steamer has put in there, her machinery having broken down.

Denis O'Brien, of Montreal, one of the contractors for the Soulanges canal, while driving in a buggy with his son on Coteau Landing on Monday evening to the canal, with \$4,000 in cash to pay the men, was stopped by three highwaymen, who at the point of a revolver made him deliver up the valise containing the money.

The latest despatches from Ottawa seem to give a different complexion to the recent alleged defalcations in the Accountant's Department of the House of Commons. It is said that the accountant weakly allowed several of the members to overdraw their sessional allowance, receiving their receipts in the shape of I.O.U.'s.

A Norwegian named Skjoldt was found dead on Friday near South Edmonton, N. W. T., under circumstances which leave no doubt as to his having been murdered. A pistol bullet had gone through his head, and his pockets had been rifled. A Swede who had been in his company is suspected, but has not been found.

BRITISH.

The report that Lord Rosebery is engaged to Princess Mary of Wales, is unfounded.

The second week of the great Lancashire cotton strike has opened with increased prospects of the trouble being long continued.

The Evicted Tenants' Commission is being attacked from every side, and there is scarcely any doubt that it will end in a fiasco.

The funeral of the Duke of Marlborough took place at Blenheim palace. The Duke had life insurance in favor of his wife amounting to one million dollars.

Three persons were poisoned at Bradford Eng., by eating canned Canadian lobsters and the doctor has given up all hope of their recovery.

Mr. Fowler, President of the English Local Government Board, has ordered the construction of drains and roads to provide work for the unemployed.

The executors of the late Charles Stewart Parnell have decided to publish a selection of his private political documents and correspondence.

The steamer Canadian has arrived at Glasgow from Baltimore. She reports fearful weather during her passage. Fifty head of cattle were lost.

Replying to a number of correspondents who asked his opinion of the fall in the amount of British exports, Mr. Balfour, formerly First Lord of the Treasury, says that one of the most practical remedies will be to reform the currency in the direction of bimetallicism.

The Rochdale mill-owners have decided to put their operatives on short time. This affects over a million spindles, and will greatly lessen the amount received by the Operatives' Association.

Mr. Foster, Canada's Finance Minister, at present in London, addressed the Imperial Federation League the other day. He dwelt upon the advantages Canada offered to the desirable immigrant, and invited the British agriculturist to consider them.

UNITED STATES.

The big strike at New Orleans is over. The workmen virtually surrendered.

The Rev. G. H. Harris, aged twenty-two, pastor of the North Orange, Mass., Universalist church, committed suicide on Saturday by shooting himself.

A portion of the timbers of Gen. Benedict Arnold's flagship Congress, sunk in October, 1776, in Lake Champlain, has been raised. The timbers are of oak and are sound.

Laura Bucher, who died recently in Wilton, Pa., had such a strong presentiment of her coming death six months ago that she gave full instructions as to how her funeral should be carried out.

On Friday afternoon the United States special agent at Boston seized a consignment of eggs from St. Mary's, N. B., because with the eggs were three hundred pairs of socks which had not been entered.

A young man named Alfred Trevellick, son of the labour leader and lecturer Rich-

ard F. Trevellick, committed suicide at Detroit on Monday evening by taking a dose of poison. In a note left for a young lady in Baltimore he simply stated that he had "given up the struggle."

The body of a young man was found floating in the canal basin near Central Mill Rock, on the American side of the Niagara Falls, the other morning. The unfortunate man was evidently a stranger in the neighborhood, and his identity has not yet been discovered.

It is stated that President Harrison, referring to the recent elections, said that the defeat of the Republican party was mainly due to the position of the party on the tariff question, the Republicans having forced the issue to an extreme which evidently did not meet with popular approval.

Dr. Henry A. Slade, the spiritualist, whose career in London and subsequent trial for fraud produced such a sensation fourteen years ago, was taken to the Samaritan hospital in Sioux City, Iowa, on Saturday, suffering from nervous prostration bordering on insanity.

In the course of an interview Mr. Erastus Wiman, of New York, said that the election of Mr. Cleveland is full of deep significance to Canada. He believed an opportunity would be afforded of negotiating a reciprocity treaty between the United States and the Dominion on the basis of free trade in food supplies as an equivalent for free trade in manufactures.

Stephen Boichent, a middle-aged and apparently well-to-do Frenchman, cut his throat with a razor at Niles, Mich., on Saturday. The gash made did not result fatally for hours afterwards, and at the hospital, to which he was conveyed, the dying man stated that family troubles had led him to commit suicide, and that he was a native of Lyons, France. He willed twelve hundred dollars to the Catholic Church at Niles.

GENERAL.

It is announced in Paris that a Franco-Russian treaty of alliance will be signed.

The French Procurer-General has finally decided to prosecute the directors of the Panama Canal Company.

Civil war is again imminent in Hayti. Almost the entire population is under arms.

An official despatch from Gen. Dodds states that he will give his troops a rest before attacking Abomey, the capital of Dahomey. King Behanzin now offers to negotiate for peace.

The English delegates to the International Monetary Conference, which will meet in Brussels on the 22nd, have been instructed to regard it as a deliberative body without power to commit the Governments represented to anything.

The Russian prohibition against the emigration of Hebrews that was enforced during the cholera epidemic has now been withdrawn.

While a tugboat was taking passengers ashore from an Austrian Lloyd steamer at Jaffa it capsized, and twelve of its occupants were drowned.

At a meeting of Anarchists in Paris on Sunday, one of the speakers advocated the use of dynamite by the working classes to gain their end.

It is stated that the Russian committed appointed to consider the German proposals for a commercial treaty have reported that the proposals are not accepted.

The presence of Emperor Francis Joseph at the banquet given in Vienna to the Czar-witch is much commented upon, his Majesty not having attended such a State function since 1888.

A State funeral was awarded to the remains of the victims of the recent bomb explosion in Paris. Orations were delivered by the Prime Minister and the president of the Municipal Board.

Victor Rainaldi, legal adviser to the Austrian Imperial family, has voluntarily surrendered himself to the police, confessing that for a number of years he has been embezzling trust funds committed to his keeping.

Dr. Nansen, aided by the Norwegian Government, will shortly start with ten or twelve men and provisions for five years, on an Arctic voyage to discover the elusive North Pole.

Official information received in Berlin from St. Petersburg contradicts both the reported conclusion of a Franco-Russian alliance and the sensational stories that Russian troops are being concentrated on the border.

The Brandon, a French despatch boat, cruising off the Dahomeyan coast recently surprised a British steamer with a cargo of Winchester rifles and ammunition, which, beyond all doubt, was intended for the Dahomeyan army.

Gen. Dodds, commanding the French forces in Dahomey, has caused to be shot white men found in the King's army. At these men were Germans, Belgians, and Englishmen, France may have some trouble in establishing its right to order such summary executions.

Ever since the appearance of the Salvation Army in Switzerland there has been trouble between the members of the Army and the Swiss authorities, and on Sunday at Basle this culminated in a pitched battle, in which several persons on each side were severely injured.

A Ghastly Discovery.

The Paris detectives are investigating what is believed will prove to be one of the atrocious crimes of murder and mutilation which have of late occurred with such regrettable frequency. At an early hour on Monday morning a quantity of human remains was discovered in an unfinished house in the Rue Botzaris, near the Buttes Chaumont. On being conveyed to the neighbouring police-station an investigation showed that the remains were those of a young woman. Her body had apparently been cut in 12 parts, only the head and hands being missing. At first it was thought that the pieces were anatomical sections, but numerous indications soon led the authorities to renounce this supposition, especially as the police doctor considered that the woman had not been dead longer than 24 hours. Further investigation led to the discovery of blood stains near the spot where the remains were found, and the neighbours state that they heard the dogs howling nearly all Friday night. Two young men of suspicious appearance, who were found loitering near a piece of waste land, where the tragedy is supposed to have taken place, have been arrested.

THE CONGO RAILROAD.

The Hard Work Done and Rapid Progress Will Now Be Made.

Obstacles Surmounted in the First Ten Miles—what the Building of the Road Means to Central Africa and Civilization—Trade Prospects.

A cable dispatch from the Congo announces that the railroad has been completed from Matadi to Palahalla, ten miles. After the track layers reached that point, a mile and one-half of the road was completed in ten days, though nearly two years were taken to build the first ten miles. The railroad has been carried beyond the obstacles that long made progress impossible; and now the great enterprise will be easily pushed forward until the upper river, at Stanley Pool, is connected with navigation on the lower Congo.

Mr. Stanley said once that all the resources of commerce on the upper river would not be worth a copper until better means of transportation were provided. This was a pessimistic view, for the traders of England, Belgium, Holland and France, in fact, have pushed their enterprises above the cataract region of the lower river, have established stations 1200 miles inland, have transported a dozen steamers to Stanley Pool and thousands of porters have been carrying their merchandise 235 miles around the cataracts. About 40,000 carriers, in the past two years, have been engaged in this transport service. In another year or so the railroad will be completed, and then this army of porters will have to seek other employment, for the railroad will monopolize the carrying trade.

The merchants of Belgium, however, took Stanley's words to heart and a company called The Society of the Upper Congo, organized to develop commerce in the Congo basin, began to study the feasibility of a railroad along the 235 miles of Congo cataracts. Their steamboats at Stanley Pool had unimpeded navigation along 6000 miles of the Congo and its tributaries. They desired first to learn if the trade prospects of the Upper Congo region would justify the heavy cost of a railroad. So they sent an expedition four years ago, which spent a year in threading the waterways of the Upper Congo, taking a sort of census of the people, and making a thorough study of the country. The exploring party then drew up a careful report with regard to the natives, their desire for trade, the kinds of merchandise they would buy, and the various products that could be secured for return cargoes to Europe.

THE SURVEYS.

The company were well pleased with the report and at once sent out two other expeditions, one to make surveys along the south bank and the other along the north bank, to decide the best route for the railroad and its probable cost. This work occupied another year, and after all this preliminary work it was decided to build the line on the south side of the river, starting from Matadi, ninety miles above the Congo's mouth. The engineers decided that the line, after skirting the Congo for five miles, should ascend the Leopold ravine to the plateau, and thence to Stanley Pool. There were few engineering difficulties. It was estimated that the entire cost of road and equipment would be \$5,000,000.

The money was raised, and the Congo State gave the company valuable concessions in land privileges to help carry out the enterprise. Agents were sent all over Africa, wherever it was thought natives could be hired as track-layers and laborers. European carpenters, blacksmiths and other artisans were sent to the Congo to superintend departments and instruct natives to carry on various sorts of labor. At first most of the army of workmen were secured from Zanzibar, Sierra Leone, Lagos, Accra and the Krue coast of Liberia. Then Dahomey, Senegal and the Angola coasts furnished their contingent, and finally many workmen were employed from the Lower Congo tribes. Last summer the force of black laborers numbered 2500, of whom 1500 had come from various points on the Guinea coast.

Then came busy days at Matadi. The place was an arid, rocky, uninviting spot and only two buildings and ten Europeans were there two years ago this month. One of the pictures shows a part of the town as it appeared last spring, including the hotel and the galvanized iron buildings of the Congo State. To-day the town contains about 300 Europeans, fifty more than Stanley left behind him in the entire Congo region when he returned to Europe after founding his stations. About 2000 native employees of the railroad are also quartered at Matadi. Three thousand people live in and around the little town. The white population includes Belgians, English, Portuguese, Italians, Frenchmen, Dutch, Germans, Swedes and Greeks, and beside the employees of the railroad and the State there are quite a number of traders and missionaries.

HARD RAILROAD BUILDING.

Harder railroad building is rarely seen than that which ushered in the beginning of the enterprise. One picture shows the first few miles of the road along the side of Matadi Hill. The arrow on the right shows the situation of Matadi. The river here flows swiftly and is full of eddies and whirlpools. A little further up the river are the Yellala Falls, and the scene of this picture is where Zoukoko, ill-fated expedition, in 1816, first heard the roar of the great cataract and found a few weeks crowded with disaster that was, falls formed a barrier they could not pass. The depression in the left of the picture is the Leopold ravine, which the track layers turned to their advantage.

The road, in the starting point as Matadi, all along this hillside, and up the ravine to Palahalla, has been built out of solid quartzite of extreme hardness.

progress has been in difficulty. The slow very precipitous, a track has been laid of rocks which were still greater difficult in the ravine up which was made at a steep of a height of above river. The work in direction of Capt. T. the service of the C. city of the Upper Coi

Another picture shows 100 feet long; that has

Mposo River in the Leopold ravine. This is the largest bridge yet put in place along the line. The able young engineer, who built it, Mr. Jean Baptiste Gleason, wrote to his friends two months ago: "Next week I shall complete the bridge and then I shall come home to rest." The poor fellow had over-taxed his strength and the next steamer from the Congo bore the sad news that poor Gleason was dead; and the friend who sent the tidings inclosed a photograph of the completed bridge to which the young man had devoted months of hard work that cost him his life. Seven bridges of importance must be built before the line reaches Stanley Pool. The largest one, over the Ngongo River, will be 330 feet long.

A PROBLEM SOLVED.

One problem which gave the engineers some trouble was how to dispose of the torrents of water which would be sure to pour down over the track during the heavy tropical rains. It was feared that incessant trouble during half the year would be encountered from this source. An effective solution of the problem seems to have been reached. At all places where large torrents occur steel aqueducts are building that will carry the flood down the hills and under the railroad track.

At first the company had considerable difficulty in securing enough provisions for its army of workmen, as it was very costly to bring provisions from up the river. The coast regions far and wide were levied upon for supplies. The workmen have been well fed on rice, corned beef, dried fish, vegetables and biscuits; and now that the road is pushing along the plateau, it is expected that provisions will be more easily obtained and at cheaper rates. Seven locomotives and thirty cars are on the track, and a large part of them have been kept busy carrying railroad material and provisions as the road advanced.

This stretch of ten miles above Matadi has for nearly two years presented the busiest scene in equatorial Africa. Fully one-third of the entire work has centered in these ten miles. Now the company can make rapid progress to Stanley Pool, where they expect that traders will furnish considerable freight in the way of ivory, India rubber, gums, dye stuffs and other articles. It is expected also that coffee, cotton and tobacco plantations will ultimately be found profitable on the Upper Congo.

When the railroad is completed inner Africa will be within a few weeks of the capitals of Europe. Who knows but some day a small part of the tourist traffic will be turned in this direction? The railroad company says it expects to provide facilities for comfortable travel, so that whoever desires may visit the once mysterious regions of inner Africa. It is likely that within the next twenty years it will be feasible to visit the great lakes without spending over two or three weeks in Africa. The merchants and missionaries among the Nyassa highlands say that when facilities for reaching Lake Nyassa are improved these mountains will be well worth the attention of tourists.

The Congo Railroad is one of the most significant features of the colossal work which Europeans are carrying on in Africa. It is not wise, however, to take a too sanguine view of the prospects of trade in the Congo basin. Its people as yet have few wants, and these are easily supplied. The ultimate value of the region will probably depend more upon plantations of sugar, cotton, coffee and tobacco, conducted under white superintendence, than upon any other source of commerce. In time India rubber and one or two other products may become large sources of traffic, but no hopes of permanent prosperity can be built upon the ivory trade, which is sure to dwindle in a few years.

AN EXCITING DISASTER.

The Mad Rush of a Railroad Train Down a Steep Mountain Grade in Mexico.

A Monterey, Mex., despatch says:—The particulars of one of the most remarkable and exciting railroad accidents that ever occurred in Mexico have reached here. The catastrophe occurred three days ago on the Mexican National line, but only meagre details of it were received here until to-day. The grade of the National road from this city for a distance of 90 miles to Saltillo is very steep, and two engines are required to get ordinary freight trains over the Sierra Maderia mountains above Saltillo. On Sunday afternoon, as one of these double-headers was pulling a train load of corn up the almost perpendicular mountain side, twenty miles south of Saltillo, the coupling broke, releasing the caboose and six cars filled with 3,000 bushels of corn from the train. James Martin, the conductor, and Frank Harwood, the rear brakeman, were in the caboose. They rushed out and began setting the brakes, but were powerless to stop the increasing momentum of the cars down the mountain. Within a distance of six miles the train was running at a speed of 90 miles an hour. The cars began jumping the track at Buena Vista, Martin and Harwood went down, both meeting a horrible death. Before Saltillo was reached all of the cars, with the exception of the caboose and one other, had left track. These two continued their wild flight, passing through the Saltillo yards at the rate of 120 miles an hour. The train dispatcher at Saltillo was terror-stricken when he saw the cars pass, as he knew they were certain to crash into another double-header freight train that was pulling up the mountain twenty miles below Saltillo. There was no telegraph station within that twenty miles and no warning could be given the crew of the train below. He did the next best thing, having the wrecking car ordered out. The caboose and loaded car kept to the track. Frank Davis, the engineer of the up train, saw them coming down the mountain, but too late to save himself. His fireman and the crew of the second engine jumped and received but slight injuries. Davis was buried under a pile of corn and debris. Both engines were completely demolished.

EARLY GOLD MINING IN PERU.

A Vast Treasure Washed from the Sands Before the Spaniards Came.

Prior to the Spanish conquest in 1532, when Peru and Bolivia were under the imperial sway of the Incas, gold was regarded as a sacred metal and was used almost exclusively by the Incas in the adornments of their royal palaces, temples and sacred vestments of the royal household. Not entering, therefore, into the circulating medium of the empire, which had neither commerce nor money and ignorant of its intrinsic value, the Incas sought gold, not for gain, but out of the loyalty to their rulers and unswerving devotion to their chief deity, the sun, to whose worship their gold was principally consecrated.

Traditions of the Incas and Aymara Indians and the oldest obtainable records dating back to the opening of the sixteenth century, as well as recent explorations all agree that the northwest provinces of Bolivia, especially the province of Larecoja, are rich in gold deposits; that, while the Incas secured considerable quantities of this metal from the province of Carabaya, Peru, the northwest provinces of Bolivia were the principal sources whence came the gold that excited the cupidity of the Spaniards.

Long prior to the coming of the Spaniards the town of Ilabaya, in the province of Carabaya, was the seat of certain nobles or chiefs of the empire, who were charged, among other things, with the duty of forwarding the quarterly gold contribution of that district to Chiquitos, Peru, where one of the receipt boxes of the empire was located. The record shows that on the day of the full moon of each quarter the expedition entrusted with this remittance from Ilabaya set out without fail from Chiquitos, and was always received with demonstrations of joy in the several villages through which they passed. The amount of these quarterly contributions is unknown, but, as the gold was carried in twelve llamas bladders, holding from 4 to 5 pounds each, the amount may be approximately determined. These bladders called rosques, are still used by the Indians in transporting the metal.

The traces of their work and their rude mining tools of wood and stone yet remaining demonstrate that gold was gathered by the Incas almost exclusively from the deposits of the mountain streams or from shallow excavations made in the rugged acclivities of the Cordilleras. Not understanding the virtues of quicksilver, a mineral not rare in their empire, and being efficient in the knowledge of extracting this metal from the quartz, their most advanced method of smelting consisted of small cone-shaped furnaces built at elevated points where they might be fanned by the mountain breezes, they were only able to skin the surface of the vast gold deposits of the country.

And yet with their primitive methods and appliances they had no trouble in securing this precious metal in such abundance that history furnishes no parallel of such treasures of gold as were found in the royal palaces, temples and public edifices of the Incas at the time of the Spanish conquest. The sudden destruction of their empire by the Spaniards in 1532, the sacking of their cities and temples, and the assassinations of their Emperor Atahualpa, and the hardships to which they were subjected by their conquerors in their insatiable greed for gold led the Incas to attach a new importance to the precious metal, and to conceal their rich treasures with haste. The undisputed fact of history is that the amount of gold and silver thus buried in caves and forests far exceeded in quantity that which was taken by the despoilers of their empire.

Disheartened by the fierce intimidations to which they were subjected and no longer permitted to gather gold for their temples and palaces, the Incas practically abandoned all forms of gold and silver mining until the close of the seventeenth century, a period of 150 years. About this time Sorata, the capital of Larecoja, was founded, and soon became the most opulent city of Upper Peru, now Bolivia. Quickly following this event an expedition of Spaniards mainly from Chili, and a few Portuguese adventurers who had ascended the Amazon, from Brazil, visited the Province of Larecoja and discovered the famous gold deposits of the Tipuani River on the eastern slope of the Andes, from whose sands the Incas had washed millions of gold before the coming of the Spaniards. This marked the beginning of the first organized gold-mining adventure ever undertaken in Bolivia. That this was the El Dorado of the Incas is well supported by a single extract from these ancient records. Senor Tomas Rowe writing of their discoveries to his friend Senor Antonio Guillen, an expert miner of Chili, said: "We have found abundant gold in these kingdoms on the other side, beyond the snows where foot traveling is difficult. If you should wish to come here you will get gold to your heart's content."

Change of Mind.

"Where's the editor?" demanded the wrathful caller on the day before the late election.

"I'm the editor," replied the mild, blue-eyed man in the chair. "What can I do for you?"

"You printed a piece about me this morning," rejoined the other, taking a copy of the paper from his pocket and pointing with grimy finger to a paragraph on the local page, "that you've got to take back or I'll sue this concern for \$3,000 damages."

The editor took the paper and read the offending item, which stated that "Dirty Shirt Swan has offered to bet ten to one on Cleveland."

"H'm! Does—does—that refer to you?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," answered the angry visitor. "I'm Dirty Shirt Swan."

"I didn't see the item before it got into print," said the editor, "or I would have suppressed it. The calling of opprobrious names is something I never permit any reporter on this paper to—"

"That ain't what I'm kicking about!" interrupted the irate man, taking the paper and pointing fiercely at the latter part of the item. "I don't want people to think I'm a darn fool!"

On last Wednesday Mr. Swan called on the editor and said: "Mr. Editor, I guess you needn't mind correcting that 'ere story about me. I wish I'd done what you said."—[Chicago Tribune.

The census of the population of Japan places the total population at forty-one million persons, an increase of three hundred thousand over the last census.

818

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A SURVIVOR'S STORY.

The Crushing by Arctic Ice of a Whaling Bark.

One of the Crew, Four of Whom Escaped, Describes the Mountains of Ice that Closed in Upon the Helen Mar.

Out of a crew of thirty-three that sailed on the staunch old bark from San Francisco the day before Christmas, 1891, but five survived the disaster; twenty-seven perished in the icy water, and one passed away from natural causes some weeks before.

Lying on a couch at his home, young Asa Kershaw told to a reporter the awful story. After relating the chase of the two whales on the fatal 6th of October, he said:

"It was about 3:40 o'clock in the afternoon when the captain, impatient at the slow work in cutting up the second whale came down from the crow's nest to cut in to himself. One of the foremast hands sung out: 'We're getting very near to the ice on the leeward.' The captain was cutting on the windward side and couldn't see the ice. 'I don't give a—', said he, 'I'll cut this head off anyhow.' The ship was not moving. All the sails had been taken in. If he had had the topsails on we would have cleared the ice, as she would have worked ahead while they were cutting up the whale. We soon struck on the ice, and pounded there about fifteen minutes before the head of the whale was on deck. Then the rudder post broke, and the captain sung out: 'Put the tackle on the rudder.' Before they got the tackle on, the wheel jammed down starboard, but it was not broken. After the tackle was on, the captain called all hands to supper.

THEIR LAST MEAL.

"The ice was on both sides, as the smaller pack had drifted in. The men forward came aft, and with the five boat-steerers, had supper, but the captain did not come down, and I concluded we were doomed. After a while the captain came aft, all dressed in his oilskins, and said, 'Hoist the lardboard waist boat. In the meantime all the boat-steerers and men forward had come to the conclusion that the ship was going. The carpenter said: 'My God, boys, you don't think of taking any clothes, do you? We'll have enough to do to save ourselves. All I have is what I stand up in.'

"We hoisted and swung the waist boat, and the captain stood on top of the house. He said we could not lower it on account of the ice, so we swung the lardboard stern boat. By that time she had drifted further in on the ice. I walked around the deck to see if I could get into a boat, and I saw there was no chance to lower the three boats, and that they were piling a lot of blankets and bags in the bow of the stern boat. I then came aft and stepped onto the rail, and from there onto the ice. I saw it was the only chance to save myself and called out: 'Come on, boys, we can cross the ice.' The Jap followed me. Then they started to lower the boat. Somebody said, 'Lower about 3 feet when the ice rose up, the boat was unshipped from the hooks and dropping onto the ice was smashed into kindling-wood. They started to lower the starboard boat. It was crushed to bits before it got half way down.

WAITING FOR DEATH.

"After the starboard boat was lowered I saw three men standing on a cake of ice about 15 feet from the stern of the ship, and by their size I thought they were the captain and mate. About twenty minutes from the time we struck the Helen Mar capsized and came over sideways. I suppose she had a hole pounded in her underneath the counter and forward mast abut the mainmast. She seemed to settle first on the port side, and toppled over sideways, and commenced to go down stern foremost. From the time she toppled over until she went under was only about ten minutes. Nearly all the men were on her. After she sank the three men whom I saw on the ice behind the ship disappeared. I never saw them again. Lowering the boat, ten in the starboard boat, three on the house. I guess they all went down in the suction. It was dark and stormy. A sou'easter blew great guns and a very heavy sea was running. Mr. Ward was on deck when she toppled over, and reached the ice by walking on the main rigging. The boat-steerer, Antone, was on a small cake of ice, and was jumping from one place to another when he went into the water and drifted down past where I was standing. I rushed over and pulled him out on the ice. Petright had come over from the bow of the ship after the Jap.

LIFE WAS VERY DEAR.

"Then I and Antone struck in to get into the center of the pack. The fifth mate and Petright also struck in over the floe ice. We went around in the edge of the floe about a mile and a half from where the ship went down and saw lots of pieces of wood and coats and things floating in the water. We met the fifth mate and Petright and walked all that night in order to keep warm. When we got to the other side of the pack the wind had shifted around and was blowing from the north, so we were compelled to go back again. In the morning we sighted three steamers about seven miles to the windward. We made signals to them, but they did not see us. They were the Jessie Freeman, the Beluga and Orea. We got on the largest cake we could find, and came to the conclusion that the best thing we could do was to stay there, live or die. There were eight or ten white bears around us, that would come up and sniff at us. We had to shout and yell out to keep them off. They would swim around and get up on cakes of ice to see if there was anything to eat, and would get up on the cake we were on and sit on their haunches and watch us. It was not very pleasant to think what they were waiting for. Next day, Friday, about 5 o'clock, we had come to the conclusion that we were getting too far to the leeward, and that the best thing to do was to work to windward, so as to be in view of the ships next day, knowing they only had a short time to stop in the Arctic. In going from a large cake to a smaller one, and in stepping on the edge Mr. Ward and myself fell into the water. I scrambled on top of a smaller cake because I could not swim. The cake would not hold two men, so I lay on it with my breast, and by kicking with my feet in the water worked my way to Ward and pulled him on to the cake, so that he could cling to it, too. I sung out to the Jap, who had a jumper that we had for a flag, to tear it up and make a rop of it and tie it to the pole to

throw to us, so that he could pull us to the pack. The pole was only about a yard long. I jumped up on the big cake. Then, with the Jap holding my feet, I lay down and threw the rope to Ward. We hauled him up on the pack. He wanted the Jap to take off some of his skin clothes, as he had on an undershirt, a skin shirt and a skin vest, a skin coat and an oilskin, and he did not need them all. The Jap said he was too old a man, and as Mr. Ward and I were young we had plenty of blood and could get along. Ward then wanted to kill the Jap and take his clothing. I said, 'Mr. Ward, you will do nothing of the kind. If there is going to be any fighting, I am going to see justice done. The Jap has as good a right to his life as we have.'

LOSING ALL HOPE.

"I will drown myself, said Ward. 'No, you won't,' I replied. 'We will live or die together where we are.' Ward threw himself down on the ice and cried like a baby. We tried to make him keep up and down to keep his blood in circulation. I had only a pair of dungarees on, with cotton overshirt and undershirt, and a pair of low shoes. My feet became swollen and I thought they must be frozen. I could feel no sensation. I wrapped them up in a cloth and cut up my coat to wrap them thicker, but I could not keep them warm without walking continually. I was nearly dead for want of sleep, and often as I walked I fell down fast asleep. One of the other men would give me a punch and wake me up. Ward lay where he had fallen when we pulled him out of the water, and never moved, but kept crying and moaning, 'I am going to die! I am going to die!'

"At last I got tired of his crying. I told him to shut up, that it was hard enough to bear without his crying like a calf. Then he quieted down. That night the weather was fine. Nothing happened. On Saturday morning we sighted the steamers again. We waved our signal, a small piece of coat tied onto a pike pole. The Orea was five miles off. Those on board at length saw us.

"It was about 11:45 o'clock when they hove to, lowered a boat and took us aboard. We had had nothing to eat from the time the Mar went down until we were rescued. There was about half a pound of tobacco with the party, but as I had never chewed before it made me thirstily sick. We chewed ice when we were thirsty. My feet were badly frozen, but otherwise I am all right. During the time we were on the cake it was frightfully cold, and Ward's legs, when he was taken on board the Orea, were black to the knees. He will probably have to have them amputated. Antonio, the boat-steerer, also had his feet badly frozen, but Petright and the Jap were not injured at all.

"This was my third trip to the Arctic."

IT WAS HIS HORRORMOON.

Capt. Thaxter was a popular young captain with owners and mates, and his recklessness with the Mar is something unprecedented in his career. He was married shortly before he sailed for the Arctic, and his wife went as far north as Unalakleet with him for a honeymoon tour. The hapless widow resides in Oakland, where the mate of the Beluga hastened to break the news of her husband's death. Mrs. Thaxter was completely prostrated by the shock. The whaling fleet was late in coming down this year, and nearly every day for a fortnight she has crossed the bay or telephoned the Merchants' Exchange for news of the Helen Mar.

Night in the Gullana Forest.

The bats are settling themselves in the hollow trees or under dense masses of creepers, making mouse-like chirpings as they hang themselves up in their places. Here and there a lumbering owl, looking out for a safe retreat until evening, is fluttering lazily along before retiring to rest. The owl and goat-sucker shrink before the light, and also hurry off to their hiding places, making room for the brilliant families of day birds which are calling and chirping from the tree-tops. The weird voice of the howling monkey now horrifies the stranger, filling him with wonder and recalling stories of banshees and ghosts retiring at cock-crow. Then a flock of parrots or macaws is heard screaming far overhead, their glorious plumage flashing in the morning rays in metallic tints of golden yellow, green, and crimson.

The din would be almost unbearable were the birds close at hand; but as they rarely fly or perch low, their voices are mellowed by distance. Congregating on the boughs of the highest trees—far beyond the reach of the Indian's gun or blow-pipe—they take their morning meal of fruits and nuts, chattering away like a lot of rooks in a clump of old elms.

Here and there a toucan makes his presence known by yelping like a puppy. Looking up, you see the rich colors on his breast, and wonder why his beak is so large and apparently ungainly. From the ranges and the forest comes the tinkling of the campanero, sharp and clear as a bell, struck at moderately long intervals. Other birds utter their characteristic notes, most of these being quaint and curious rather than musical. The birds of the tropics are brilliant in their plumage, but are almost wanting in their melody, there being nothing at all resembling the chorus which makes the English woods so delightful on a Summer's morning. —Longman's Magazine.

The King's Quest.

The King rode fast, the King rode far. Now, by my crown, quoth he, "If I in all the land shall find A maiden of contented mind, Be she of high or low degree, By pagan rite or Christian signed, My consort she shall be."

But when he chanced the maid to meet So well contented was she She would not wed, but deaf and blind Went on her way. "Alack! I find I'm caught in my own web," quoth he. "This maiden of contented mind Is too content for me."

The Mistake Was Kind of Natural.

Looking in at a second-hand store—"Mandy, how do you reckon they kin ever sell sich broken up chairs as them?" Mandy—"Law, Josiah, I suppose them's the invalid chairs we've heard about, and they hain't no trouble gettin' rid of 'em, to folks that's able to take care of 'em."

There are 60,000 muscles in an elephant's trunk.

A HUMAN FIEND.

The Diabolical Career of Neill, the Woman Prisoner.

With the hanging of Dr. Thomas Neill Cream in London, England, for the murder of Matilda Clover and three other women, one of the blackest villains of modern times was ushered into eternity.

Thomas Neill Cream's extraordinary and diabolical career as a poisoner and the motives which prompted his acts are to be best explained by a narrative of the facts, as revealed during his trial. He was born about 42 years ago in Glasgow, where his father resided. The latter, however, emigrated to Canada while Thomas Neill Cream was still a child, and it was in the Dominion that he received his education. He was apparently intended for the medical profession, and, in fact, studied for that calling, obtaining a Canadian degree. On Oct. 1, 1891, Thomas Neill Cream landed at Liverpool on a visit to England, and a few days later reached London, where he put up at a hotel in Fleet-street. On Oct. 7 he took lodgings in the house of a Mrs. Sleser, who lived in Lambeth Palace road. He had dropped the name of Cream and described himself as Dr. Neill, a physician who had practised in America, and who had been ordered to this country for the benefit of his shattered health, and particularly his failing sight. In person, he was

A TALL, THICKSET MAN,

with a facile trick of making acquaintances, and addicted to talking very freely about himself. He was possessed of money, but his means were not sufficient to support him for any great length of time without adding to his income by some effort. For an invalid who had come to England to recruit his strength, his proceedings were tolerably strange. Hardly had he been a day in London when he commenced to wander about the streets during the hours of night, consorting with fallen women. On Oct. 6, 1891, he met a young woman named Eliza Masters, who lived in what is known as the Surrey side of London, in a neighborhood thickly peopled with wretched girls who make prostitution a trade. He stayed with Eliza Masters to her lodgings, accompanied her, and promised to write to her to make a further appointment. She accordingly received a note from him three days after, informing her that he intended to call on that day. Eliza Masters looked out for him at the hour named, and actually saw him from the window passing on the other side of the street. He did not, however, stop at the house, being evidently in pursuit of another woman—a prostitute named Matilda Clover—who, after the fashion of her class, had given him encouragement to accept her. Eliza Masters and a female friend with her at the time observing this manoeuvre felt curious and, slipping out of their house,

WATCHED NEILL,

whom they saw approach Matilda Clover and enter, at her invitation, her dwelling. This was on Oct. 9. On the 20th of that month Matilda Clover, after having been visited by a man whose description answered to that of Neill, died suddenly in the greatest agony. She received the attendance of an unqualified medical man, who mistook the symptoms of strychnine poisoning for delirium tremens, and her death from excessive drinking was the next day certified by a regular medical practitioner, who had not even seen her. Both the counsel for the prosecution and Mr. Justice Hawkins commented strongly on this part of the case, and it is impossible not to agree that, however common it may be for a certain class of medical men to grant certificates in this culpably loose sort of way, the practice is one that demands serious attention with a view to putting a stop to it. A few months after her death and burial in a pauper's grave, the body of Matilda Clover was exhumed and Dr. Stevenson, one of the analysts of the Home Office, found traces of strychnine in the portions examined by him and established that he had been poisoned by that drug. In the meantime, however, other events had occurred to excite suspicion and to lead to the discovery related. In the middle of October of 1891 a prostitute named Ellen Donworth, who also lived on the Surrey side of London, fell down in the street, and was conveyed to St. Thomas' Hospital, but expired in a cab on the way there. Her death was established as the result of poisoning by strychnine. On April 12, 1892, two girls named Alice Marsh and Emma Shrivell, who lived together at the Surrey end of Waterloo Bridge and belonged to the class of "unfortunates,"

DIED ALSO SUDDENLY

and in great torture from poisoning by strychnine; while at the inquest held on these wretched girls a woman named Louisa Harris, and commonly known as Loo Harvey, deposed that she had been accosted by a man, who on the pretence of recovering certain pimple on her forehead had asked her to take some pills, and had even insisted on seeing her swallow them. More fortunate than the other women she had, however, only "made believe" to swallow them and had thrown them away. In all these cases, by a chain of evidence which it would take too long to mention in detail, the administration of the poison was traced to Thomas Neill. It was he and no other who had compassed the end of these poor, unhappy women, who had done him no wrong and whom he doomed to death after suffering too frightful to bear description.

What was the motive of this fiendly, who by a powerful poison had hurried to eternity almost as many women of the fallen class as the legendary assassin of Whitechapel had butchered to death at the east end of London? To the letters which Neill wrote under various assumed names to Dr. Broadbent, an eminent London physician, to Lord Russell, to Mr. Frederick Smith, son of the late Right Hon. W. H. Smith, to Dr. Harper of Barnstable, and to the deputy coroner for East Surrey, reveal the grotesque yet diabolical end he sought to attain. He had poisoned the miserable women with the object of accusing the persons named of the deed, and

EXTORTING A HUSH MONEY

from them. In the case of Dr. Harper, it was his son, a medical student in London, and known to Neill, who was charged with the crime; while in regard to the coroner for East Surrey, Neill represented himself as a detective who could procure the murder of Ellen Donworth for the modest sum of £300, 000 who was to be the clumsy plot which originated in his brain, and for which he was to receive a hush money. He then ate and took more of the poison which is to create a

strange distortion of the mind and ideas, Neill was, nevertheless, sane enough for all purposes; and mental aberration formed no part of the able but impossible defence urged by his advocate. Of the prisoner's guilt there could be no doubt. He himself put the matter round his neck in writing the letter to Dr. Broadbent accusing the latter of poisoning Matilda Clover long before it was even suspected that she had died otherwise than from excessive drinking. There was only one man who could at the time know the truth about Matilda Clover, and that was her murderer. Thus, after a fair and full trial, Neill was rightfully convicted, and not a particle of sympathy need be wasted on so inhuman a monster.

SURROUNDED BY SNAKES.

Terrible Flight of a Poleander at the Bottom of a Well.

A Middletown, Conn., despatch says:—The long drouth in the Connecticut Valley has greatly delayed the advent of winter, and wild flowers, fruit trees and strawberry blossoms, snakes and other summer things are still current. The drouth has also dried up all the small streams and wells, and it was on account of the drouth, too, that Farmer Alexander Penfield's hired man of Rural Portlandtown, across the Connecticut River from this city, had a unique and startling experience a few days ago. Like all his neighbors, Alexander had all his drinking water in hogheads brought from the river, and he was tired of the job. So he said to his man, a Poleander:

"Guess we'll give the Connecticut River a rest. Suppose we go and clean out the old well, and see if there isn't water in it for a week or so."

The old well, a deep and capacious one, is on a distant part of Mr. Penfield's big farm, and it had been unused for several years. The two men found that the well had been partly filled with brush, stones and other debris, but Penfield quickly rigged up a sort of a derrick, with a rope and bucket, and sent the Pole to the bottom of it in the shovel. The hired man worked with a bucket and sent up bucketfuls of debris to Penfield, who emptied the vessel and sent it back to his man. The Pole had not labored long, however, before he was disturbed by a singular buzzing sound like the humming of a swarm of bees, and a moment later he began to see snakes. From every crevice in the stone curb of the well serpents thrust forth their heads, hissing loudly, then advanced their bodies, little by little, into the well, which were followed instantly by those of still more snakes, all crowding on the frightened workman, and tumbling over another into the bottom of the dimly-lighted shaft. There evidently was an army of snakes, in numbers no one knows how many, in the underground snake reservoir behind the thin curbing of the well, and they were of almost every variety of serpents that belong to the Nutmeg State. There were black snakes, water snakes, striped snakes and adders—the Pole recognized all these kinds—and there were others that he told Farmer Penfield afterward, "that he took of which he never saw before."

For a while the Pole waged a desperate battle against the serpents with his shovel, simply to protect himself from their attack, but in a few moments he was completely invested with a hissing, writhing, quivering tangle of serpents in the bottom of the pit, while a shower of snakes was continually falling on him from the walls above his head. Finally he became terror-stricken and shouted to Mr. Penfield to haul him out of the engulphing torrent of reptiles.

Mr. Penfield pulled vigorously on the bucket rope, and soon had his man out of danger. After an hour or so the serpents returned to their retreat behind the walls, and the well regained its normal condition of seemingly innocuous desuetude, then Farmer Penfield lowered his man into the well again, who found the bodies of thirty-four snakes on the bottom of it which the Pole had killed with his shovel. Mr. Penfield has abandoned his project of using the well, and is still getting his water from the Connecticut River.

RANDITS OF THE SAHARA.

The Touaregs Said to Be the Worst of All Organized Robbers.

The Touaregs are the most formidable band of professional brigands in the world. They occupy the entire central part of the Sahara, from Ghadames on the north to Timbuctoo on the south. It is impossible to give an approximate idea of their numbers. Dr. Supan estimates the population of the entire Sahara at 2,500,000, and it is probable that the twenty-six sub-families of the great tribe of the Touaregs number at least 400,000 souls. All the trade routes from Algeria and Tunis, and some of those from Morocco and Tripoli pass through their territory. It was these fanatical nomads who murdered Miss Tinné, the handsome young heiress of Holland, whose devotion to the cause of discovery led to her tragical fate in the desert. The Touaregs murdered the entire Flatters expedition. They killed a half dozen Catholic priests who were toiling across the desert to found missions in the Soudan. Lieut. Palat, and a little later, Camille Douls, both of whom were undertaking the hazardous journey to Timbuctoo, met death by violence in the Touareg country. But their hand is turned no more against the whites than against every traveler in their land who has plunder worth seizing.

The Central Sahara is a land where violence is supreme, where treachery is the only law. Not one of the murderers of white travelers has been punished. Ernest Mercier and M. Le Chatelier have graphically described the reign of terror in this great region. Many thousands of Arabs or Arab-Berbers, who live by camel raising, spend their lives in the Touareg country or around its borders. They guard their herds with arms in their hands, but very often the guards are killed by a sudden descent of Touaregs, and the herds are driven away to enrich the bandit camps. Only those Arab tribes are safe that pay heavy blackmail to be left alone. Trading caravans are always on the lookout for black specks on the horizon that may indicate the approach of the desert pirates. As soon as a suspected group appears in the distance the camels are collected and made to lie down, the goods are piled up behind them, and inside this double rampart the traders open fire when the enemy comes within range. More than half the time the Touaregs win the day, and the booty that falls to them they regard as an ample recompense for the losses they sustain.

THE HEROISM OF WOMAN.

Why It Is More Heroic Than the Heroism of Man.

Man is the stronger sex, undoubtedly, but which is the more heroic? The very fact that we can ask this question after the preliminary statement shows that woman is. Heroism means to triumph over your own weakness, your own infirmity, over the pressure of circumstances around you, over temptations, dangers and difficulties. The less your strength the greater are the temptations, the dangers and the difficulties, and consequently the greater the heroism. The silent workers, the noble martyrs to principle, the uncomplaining household drudges who sacrifice themselves for husbands, brothers and children, and do it not in face of an admiring audience, not to win the plaudits of the crowd; not to be chronicled in story, but simply and unostentatiously in the line of duty—these are the true transfigured band of heroines; greater than any epic heroes who conquer heroically & heroically fall.

QUEEN ARTEMISIA AT SALAMIS.

Yet even in the more obvious sort of heroism, even in the storm and stress of worldly action, even as military leaders, as conquerors, as potentates, women have inscribed their names on the most valiant pages of history. We all have heard of Xenobia, of Semiramis, of Deborah, of Joan of Arc. We have all heard of Artemisia, Queen of Caria, in whom Xerxes boasted that he had found

His ablest, bravest counselor and chief—She whose conduct at the battle of Salamis wrung from him the exclamation that his men were behaving like women, his women like men, little knowing that in truth the highest compliment he could pay his women was that they were behaving like true women. We remember how when Carcas, Queen of Carcas, was besieged in that town by the Saracens, and they in their masculine pride taunted her for that she should be spinning and not fighting, she threw the taunt into their faces by appearing in their very midst with a lance wreathed around, distaff-like, with hem which she had set aflame and how gloriously they fled away from her.

LADY DUNDONALD BRINGS BACK THE GUN-REDS.

In more recent history a less familiar instance is that of Lady Dunford. Her husband, while in command of the Chilian fleet, got becalmed in his flagship under a battery, whence he was assailed with red hot shot. In the face of that terrible fire the gunners retreated from their posts. Neither threats nor entreaties were of avail. If the fire were not returned the ship must inevitably be destroyed with all on board. Lord Dunford went down to the cabin where his wife lay. "If a woman sets the example," he cried, "the men will be shamed out of their fear. It is our only hope." Without a word she rose and followed him. As she stepped on deck she seemed to be confronted by a flaming furnace of fire, belching out death and destruction. She calmly took a match and fired the gun, which Lord Dunford pointed. The men were shamed. They returned to their posts. The battery was silenced, the ship and its crew were saved.

MORE HEROIC THAN THERMOPYLE.

One of the greatest achievements of masculine heroism has always been held to be the defense of the pass at Thermopyle. Modern historians have thrown grave doubt upon the whole episode. They doubt that there were only 300, they doubt whether all or even the majority of Leonidas's troops remained to be slain. But no historian has thrown any doubt upon the story of the 280 peasant women of Switzerland who, during the French invasion of 1798, rushed to arms in response to the patriotic eloquence of aged Martha Glanz and defended their homes until 180 of them had been killed and all the rest more or less wounded.

These and similar stories show that in the more obvious forms of heroism, in the smoke and dust of battle, women can play and have played as glorious a part as the most intrepid of their brethren, nay, that they have frequently put their brethren to the blush.

THE HEROINES OF GENTLE DEEDS.

In peace also woman's virtues have been no less glorious than those won in war. The stories of Grace Darling, of Florence Nightingale, of Sister Gertrude—all familiar instances. All these have been chronicled and the fact that they have been so chronicled has made them a perpetual stimulus to the race, and as an incentive to noble action they are among the choicest heritages of the race. A great deed properly recorded lifts the heart to God; it brushes aside the veil of prose in which our daily life is shrouded; it shows that beneath the veil lies poetry, the romance, the awful beauty of the Godlike heart that makes us one with God. It teaches us to think better of ourselves and a better of our fellows when we find that a resplendent chord within all of us thrills at the mention of a worthy deed.

THE HEROISM OF PRIVATE LIFE.

But what of the unchronicled deeds greater than even those that have been recorded? Men live before the world; they take part in the external struggle of daily life; their deeds do not so often as those of women fall unnoted by their fellows. But women, who are even more heroic than the most heroic men, do more suffer in silence. Theirs is the sacred solitude in which they come face to face, not with man but with God. Theirs is the true pathos and sublime of human life. Shall we sing of heroes, or conquerors, of martyrs who have given their bodies to the flames and build no lofty pyramids for those who have experienced the cross and the crown of glory? Shall we miss the high impetus that is afforded by the chronicle of deeds that have illuminated the sanctuaries of private life? To a certain extent we must. The inner conflicts that find no expression through exalting lips, how otherwise may they be expressed? Much of the most blessed side of human life and human experience we can only guess at; we can never truly know. But so far as we can know let us put our knowledge where others can share it. Let us teach the race that not only in the past, not only in the storm of action, not only in the high places of the world are high deeds done. Let us look around us and about us and see that the chosen are still with us, and that the heart that beats to-day under calico dresses, in humble tenements, in lowly surroundings, is the same heart that beats under the coat of mail of Joan of Arc amid all the pomp and passing of war—the infinite, all-enccompassing heart of true womanhood.

WINDEN ECHO

767 11/7/52

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Why it Pays to do your Trading with us.

Dundas and Flavelle Bros.

Reason it in this way. We buy from the fountain head, visiting personally the markets of the old world, and buying for spot cash direct from the manufacturers of Great Britain, France and Germany. This gives us the newest and best goods at prices positively otherwise unattainable.

If it is Mantles you want, we have nearly 1000 to select from. Prices, \$3.00 to 4.00 for nicely trimmed Jacket. Better and more popular goods, \$5.00 to 10.00.

R. G. HAIGHT,
The Farmer's Friend
& Licensed Peddler.
Agent for Myers' Horse & Cattle Spice

We will buy everything you have to sell, and sell you most everything you want to buy.

Bring Along
Your Old Copper.
Your Old Brass.
Your Old Rubbers.
Your Wool.
Your Wool Pickings.
Your Eggs & Oats.
Your Butter.

For which we will pay a higher price than any one in the Village.

In our Peddling Van we will endeavor to carry a choice mixture of

DRY GOODS, T, TOBACCOS.
GROCERIES & TINWARE.
Use Myers' Royal Spice for Pigs, Poultry, Horses, Cattle & Sheep.

R. G. Haight & Co.
Use Myers' Royal Spice.

William Eastman,
Blacksmith, Horse-shoer

—AND—
GENERAL - - - JOBBER

Careful personal attention given to Horse-shoeing, everything in Blacksmithing attended to promptly. Work warranted and prices moderate.

Call and give me a trial.
SLEIGHS of Every description supplied on the shortest notice.

W. EASTMAN,
Minden

TAILORING!

—IT WILL—

PAY YOU
TO GIVE ME A CALL
ERE YOU ORDER YOUR
FALL and WINTER

—SUITS—

G. ROWLISON,
KINMOUNT.



The Minden Echo

MINDEN, FRID., Y., NOV. 25, 1892.

Progressive Farming

FIVE years ago a few leading men in this locality got the idea into their minds that cheese making would, if properly carried on, be a remunerative branch of farming in this locality. Acting upon that idea, they set to work, to obtain reliable information on the subject and with this in their possession the next step was to hold a meeting of farmers in this village and see if a cheese factory could not be established here. Amid doubts and fears and considerable persuasion a sufficient number of persons were found to guarantee enough milk to make a trial, and now, after five seasons' experience, we are enabled to give the financial results. During these five seasons one million two hundred and eighty four thousand and fourteen pounds of milk was delivered at the Minden Factory, from which one hundred and twenty-five thousand seven hundred and ninety-three pounds of cheese was manufactured, which was sold for ELEVEN THOUSAND THREE HUNDRED AND SIXTY FOUR DOLLARS and forty-three cents. Last season a number of the patrons of the factory bought the entire factory plant, and the result of the operations has been most satisfactory, so much so that it is almost certain there will be a large increase in production next season and we have no doubt more cheese factories will spring up in various sections of this county where they do not now exist altho there have been five factories in operation, all of which have been successful.

There is now no room left to doubt that cheese factories have come here to stay, simply because they are found to be remunerative, besides they relieve the farmers wives and daughters of a very large amount of hard work in caring for the milk and manufacturing the butter as they used to do, all this is saved—not only this—but the pecuniary result is enhanced—that has been proved beyond successful contradiction and there are many other advantages besides in favor of the cheese making, there is always a ready cash market for the cheese, it brings money into the farmer's pocket at a time when it is most needed and when he has the least to sell off his farm, it leaves him in a

position to pay cash for his groceries, &c., and to keep square with the world as he goes along, so that he has no big sore bills to eat up his crop in the fall. The day for hauling baskets of butter to the stores and trading it out is about over, and we think the experience of the twenty patrons of the Minden cheese factory, who, during the season just closed have pocketed the handsome sum of \$2237.63, is an ample vindication of the advantage of a cheese factory over the old system, and justifies a feeling of gratitude towards the men who introduced and supported under the most disadvantageous circumstances the cheese factory system here.

I. B. & O. Railway

THE energetic President of the Iron-ore, Bancroft and Ottawa Railway Co., C. J. Pusey, Esq., has very successfully pushed forward the extension of the road towards Gooderham the past season and at present the track near the junction with the G. T. R. track is being put into excellent repair. This line will undoubtedly in the near future be an immense benefit to a large tract of country and as far as it is extended is of the utmost service to the settlers of the locality.

An Interesting Document

THERE is to be seen in the Lindsay Town Clerk's office, says the Watchman, an interesting document, which bears on the back the following:—"Letters patent to Wilson S. Conger, Esq., sheriff of the Colborne District, authorizing him to hold a fair in the Village of Lindsay. Recorded 9th March, 1849, R. A. Tucker, Registrar." The document itself is a lengthy and formidable one, and bears the great seal of the Province of Canada, with the signature of James, Earl of Elgin and Kincardine, and Robert Baldwin, Attorney-general, and is dated at Montreal, 1st March, 1849.

THE MINDEN TIN SHOP

Again in full blast. You need not endanger your lives and property by buying any more of those patent fire traps called stove pipes, when you can get the genuine article, home-made, for ten cents a length, or one dozen for \$1.00.

Cooking & Box Stoves Away Down
Also another lot of those drum heaters ready for sale. Come and choose for yourselves, they are just the best thing yet for comfort at small cost.

All kinds of Tin, Copper and Sheet Iron Work done in the best style.

STOVE OVER LINED

and all kinds of repairing done with neatness and despatch. Old Copper, Brass, Sheep Skins, &c., taken in exchange.

A. MCINTOSH.

IT SETS PEOPLE TALKING.

Good Goods!
Low Prices!
Best Quality

Mantles. Mantle Cloths. Cloakings.

Our Mantle Department offers a magnificent field for selection. The Latest Attractions in Beautiful Goods.

Fashionable Dress Goods for Fall and Winter.

Our new attractions for the coming season are simply beautiful. We hope every lady reader will consult her interest by giving our Dress Goods an early inspection. We shall be able to offer you Bargains that will convince you of the economy and satisfaction in trading with us.

Woollens. Flannels. Blankets.

Never so Cheap, never so Good.

Our Glove Department.

Possesses a charm which no lady of trust and refinement can be indifferent to.

Buyers of Hosiery.

Will find much to interest and delight them in our splendid assortment of New Fall and Winter Goods. These Goods have been bought right and Prices will be found right.

Our Ready-Made Clothing.

We strive to please the taste of our customers in the selection of our Ready-made Clothing.

Overcoats for Boys, Youths and Men.

We propose to sell the Cheapest Overcoats for Boys, Youths and Men, —ever hour in the day, every day in the week, every week in the year. By the cheapest we mean we give the truest values for the money. Try us in this line.

Furs, Furs, Furs, Furs.

We are prepared to sell reliable Furs at the Lowest Prices—quality considered at all times. We ask you to examine our Coon Coats, Robes, Collars, Capes, Caps and Mantles. There is no doubt of our dealing generously and liberally with you.

Blinds, Curtains, Carpets and House Furnishings.

We show an unusually large and attractive line of these Goods.

Millinery in the Latest Fashions.

Such qualities in New Styles as we show leave nothing to be asked for. Come in and see how fairly we treat you.

E. E. W. MCGAFFEY,

Lindsay's Leader of Low Cash Prices Dry Goods House,
No. 2 DOBSON'S BLOCK.

CASH paid for
GINSENG

AT THE

PHOENIX Drug Store.

WINDEN ECHO

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Paterson & Company

: Are Going Out of the Ready-Made Clothing, and Are Now :

SLAUGHTERING EVERYTHING IN THIS LINE AT COST.

Never before in the History of the Ready-made Clothing Trade have Such Bargains been offered. Come and secure some of them before they are all cleared out.

We are doing this to make room for our Xmas. Goods, which we will display early in December.

We are Sole Agents for Butterick's PATTERNS. Ask for a Fashion Sheet when in our Store.

PATERSON & CO.,

Next to the Post Office, Lindsay.

The greatest men in Canada for bargains.



DAILY Stage from Minden to Kinnoult and return every evening, connecting with the trains east and west, leaving Minden every lawful morning at five o'clock, returning at 8 o'clock in the evening. Dunlop's Hotel during the day, leaving Barry's Hotel in the morning.

GEO. BARRY, Proprietor.

ARMY MEN

BY joining our Army we can give you steady employment the year round, selling our choice Nursery stock, salary or commission paid every week. Write at once and secure territory.

ALLEN NURSERY CO.,
Rochester, N. Y.

PUMPS.

I beg leave to say that I have started the manufacture of Pumps with turned heads and Pipe. Timber all standard. Thus taking the sap out and preventing it from spoiling the taste of the water. I make a hardwood, or galvanized steel lined cylinder, according to your wish and attend to the repairing and makes of pumps.

Terms moderate. Give me a call.
J. H. DAVID,
Ingoldsby.

STRAYED

Read the premises of the undersigned, Lot 8, Con. 5, Lutterworth, about Oct. 18th last. the full wing cattle, 1 Cow, red and white, with bell on and blind fold with piece of leather; 1 Cow, red and white; 2 Yearling Steers, 1 red, other red and white; 1 Yearling Heifer, spotted red and white.

ERICK GROZELL,
Moore's Falls P. O.

Anyone giving information leading to their recovery, will be suitably rewarded.

Upon Receipt OF A Postal Card with your name and address, we will forward you Agents' Outfit and

Our Great Premium List

EVERYONE SHOULD SEE THIS LIST OF HANDSOME PRIZES, WHICH ARE GIVEN IN MANY CASES BELOW COST

We Want Agents

IN EVERY LOCALITY. WRITE EARLY. This is a chance for the Young Folk.

THE GLOBE, Toronto.

WEEKLY GLOBE, balance 1892 FREE.

LOCAL

Be sure you read Watson's new adv: Also Workman Stinson & Co's adv.

Read Mr. Gorrie's two advertisements in our columns this week. It will pay you well.

Itch on human and all animals cured in 30 minutes by Woolford's Sanitary Lotion. Warranted F. R. Curry.

COOK WANTED:—At the Dominion Hotel, Linden, to a competent cook good wages would be paid, apply to J. Pym

Forty-eight prizes from \$10.00 to \$100.00, in all \$1,000.00, are offered for Poems on Esterbrook's Steel Pens. Send postal for Circulars for particulars to 26 John St., New York

ROADS:—The roads in this locality are now in a very bad condition some of them being almost impassible, it would be a great benefit if the present cold snap would continue and snow enough fall to make sleighing

Rebecca Wilkinson of Brownsvalley Ind. says:—I had been in a distressed condition for three years from Nervousness, Weakness of the Stomach, Dyspepsia and Indigestion until my health was gone. I bought one bottle of South American Nervine which did me more good than any \$40 worth of doctoring I ever did in my life. I would advise every weakly person to use this valuable and lovely remedy. I consider it the grandest medicine in the world. trial bottle will convince you. Warranted by F. R. Curry.

An effort is being made by the Education Department of Ontario to collect for exhibition at the great Columbian Fair of 1893, specimens of school work from the Ontario schools. The work to be exhibited will consist of specimens of writing, drawing, book-keeping, &c., and these should be sent in to the Department not later than Feb'y 15th. A circular giving full information may be had on application to the Deputy Minister of Education, Toronto. We hope that the Haliburton County Schools will not be unrepresented.

RETURNED TO DIES:—Mr. J. D. Wruth, of Snowdon, went West last summer to try and improve his position, but was taken ill and returned home last week in care of Mr. Congdon was had kindly taken charge of the invalid. When the sick man reached the Gelert Station he had become insensible and died four hours after reaching his home, leaving a sorrowing young wife and family of small children to mourn his decease. The funeral took place on Wednesday last and was very largely attended. Rev. W. H. Leary officiating at the obsequies.

This tea and concert held under the auspices of the Gelert Methodists last week was a fair success, notwithstanding the inclement weather and bad roads. The following programme was rendered very creditably—

Hymn, followed by prayer.
Singing by Choir.
Recitation Rev. S. J. Green
Tableaux, Old Maid's Tea Party.
Singing by Choir.
Recitation Master Noble Puffer.
Reading, Miss Lofthouse.
Singing by the school Girls.
Reading, Rev. S. J. Green.
Tableaux, Rock of Ages
Singing by Choir.
Reading, Miss Juliet McIntosh.
Singing by Choir.
Tableaux, The Flower of the Family.
Duet, Misses Bewbey and McEachern.
Singing by Choir.
God Save the Queen.
Benediction.

The Rev. Messrs Leary, Day and Rogers were expected to have been present, but on account of the bad state the roads were in they were unable to reach there.

FOUND at 52 Kent Street, Lindsay, the best and cheapest place to buy your Boots & Shoes, Over Shoes, Rubbers, German Felt Slippers, Felt and Knit Socks, &c., at Perkins & Co. the leaders in low prices of Boots & Shoes.—231f.

NOTICE

My new Roller Flour Mills and Chopping Stones are now running in a first-class style and I will be glad to have a share of your patronage, and hope to hold your custom by first dealing and doing first class work. I will always have a stock of flour and mill feed on hand, and will pay highest market price for wheat, pens, oats, rye, buckwheat or barley. Yours very respectfully,
J. H. HARVEY, Cobocouk

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by a East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellow men. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 820 Power's Block Rochester N.Y.—33-52f

APPLE TAPIOCA.—Soak half a cup of apple in warm water till soft. Pare and slice as many apples as for a pie. Place a layer of apples, then tapioca, and so on till tin is full; add a little water, so it will not burn, and better. Cover with a tin, and bake until the apples are soft, and no longer. Serve cold with whipped cream sweetened and flavored.

For Over Fifty Years.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used by millions of mothers for their children while teething. If disturbed at night and broken your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of Cutting Teeth send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures Diarrhoea, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums, and reduces Inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Sold by all druggists throughout the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup."

SHILOH'S CONSUMPTION CURE.

This GREAT COUGH CURE, this successful CONSUMPTION CURE, is without a parallel in the history of medicine. All druggists are authorized to sell it on a positive guarantee, a test that no other cure can successfully stand. If you have a Cough, Sore Throat, or Bronchitis, use it, for it will cure you. If your child has the Croup or Whooping Cough, use it promptly, and relief is sure. If you dread that insidious disease CONSUMPTION, don't fail to use it, it will cure you or cost nothing. Ask your Druggist for SHILOH'S CURE, Price 10 cts., 50 cts. and \$1.00.



The Chicago Ledger

Is twenty years old and has a circulation of 140,000 copies a week. It is a combined story and family paper, fully up to the times in every particular, and handsomely illustrated. There is a Fashion Department, and also a Young People's Department, either of which alone is worth the subscription price of \$2.00 per year, \$1.00 for six months, or 50 cents for three months. Send for free specimen copies and inducements for clubs. Boys and girls everywhere are making money selling the Ledger to regular customers. Write for particulars. Address the publisher, W. D. Boyce, 113, 115 and 117 Fifth Avenue, Chicago.

Many Ladies

have written that Clark's Catarrh Cure has relieved them, restoring perfectly in every sense. Through gratitude they have consented that their names be published. Yet the Clark Chemical Company will not use this means to advertise their remedy. They will not parade the sufferings of any one, or invade the sacred privacy of any home. Any sufferer from catarrh will recommend Clark's Catarrh Cure, and that good word is worth more than the published certificate. Clark Chemical Company, Toronto, New York.

A PIANO FOR NOTHING

The new management of THE CANADIAN QUEEN make the following liberal offers to advertise their high-class Ladies' Journal, which will be made more attractive than ever. To the person sending the largest list of words constructed from the letters contained in "Excelsior," will be given ABSOLUTELY FREE of expense, one Mason & Hinch FINE TONED HIGH GRADE UPRIGHT PIANO. To the two next largest lists one LADY'S GOLD WATCH each. To each of the next five largest lists one SEWING MACHINE (value \$40.00). To each of the next ten largest lists one IMPORTED OPERA GLASS. In addition to this offer, we will give a special prize to the first list received each day. Send ADDRESS ten cents for a sample copy of THE QUEEN containing rules. THE QUEEN PUBLISHING CO. LTD., Toronto, Canada.

A Cold in the Head

Is the beginning of catarrh, and catarrh often lays the foundation for consumption. The last disease may be avoided by curing the first two, either of which yields at once to Clark's Catarrh Cure, price 50 cents. It clears the head, restores the sense of smell, and drives away that dull headache which all experience who have Catarrh in any form. One package of Clark's Catarrh Cure will work wonders. If the druggist has not got it, send price direct to Clark's Chemical Company, Toronto or New York, and the package will be sent by return mail.

The Saturday Blade

Is the greatest newspaper wonder of the age. It is four years old and has a circulation of over a quarter million copies a week. The latest sensations and the most marvellous events are written up in the best style and fully illustrated. Subscriptions received at \$2.00 per year, \$1.00 for six months, or 50 cents for three months. Special inducements to clubs. Send for free specimen copies. Boys everywhere are making big money selling the BLADE on the streets. Write for particulars. Address the publisher, W. D. Boyce, 113, 115 and 117 Fifth Avenue, Chicago.

Sudden Changes.

A cold, or exposure, many cause the poisonous acids in the blood to clog its circulation. This is rheumatism. Clark's Lightning Liniment will stop the pain at once. It should be taken both internally and externally if the attack is severe, and it affords instant relief. If the pain appears again, it should be met with the same treatment, until a cure is effected. This wonderful preparation has worked some remarkable cures among rheumatic sufferers. Where once tried, it is always used after. Sold by all druggists; price 50 cents. Clark Chemical Company, Toronto, New York.

WORKMAN Stinson & Co.

Have Moved into Their New Premises

Where they offer a large and well assorted stock of Groceries, Clothing, Boots & Shoes, Crockery, &c., all new fresh goods at the lowest possible prices.

They will also open out in a few days a carefully selected stock of

New and Fashionable DRY GOODS,

purchased in the best markets, that will be found worthy of inspection.

Give Us a Call.

WORKMAN Stinson & Co., MINDEN.

FOR SALE.

Lot No. 30, Con. A., Snowdon, three miles from Gelert, Apply to E. D. ORDE, Lindsay, or to M. BROWN, Minden, May 28, 1892.

Horses For Sale.

A good Team suitable for farm work will be sold cheap or exchange for good driving horse. Apply to Chas. D. Curry

NOTICE.

ALL parties indebted to the undersigned either by book account, note or overdue mortgage are hereby notified that they are required to settle up this fall without fail, otherwise prompt steps will be taken to enforce payment.

Mark Morrison.

To Be Sold.

A Jersey Bull with pedigree, 2 years old, Apply at White Lake Farm, Lot 33, Con. 1, Township of Snowdon. To Richard Scott or Mrs. B. C. St. George.

WILKINSON

257 // 1632

991.44

A NIGHT IN HER LIFE.

CHAPTER IX.

The concert was over at last; the beaming Duke had shaken hands with most of his friends and now approached Kent, who had sent the ladies to be cloaked and was chatting with Rio Luxmore and a few others.

"Kent—the very man I want! Come and overhaul the programme taking! I fancy we have made more than I dared to hope for!"

Julian was obliged reluctantly to comply, loath though he was to leave his jealous watch over the door of the ladies' cloak-room.

"There," cried Mrs. Luxmore, when she had mulled Vanda, Phoebe, Madeline Sedgewick, and Cecily to her satisfaction—"now, girls, let us be on the move, or it will be so late before we get home! Cecily, Mr. Randall has invited us to supper at his rooms. Let me see, Madeline; you are kindly driving Vanda, are you not? Phoebe and Cecily, come with me."

She hastened towards the door of the crowded room, leading Phoebe, and Cecily did her best to follow; but she was so repeatedly stopped by unknown ladies, all eager to congratulate her on her success, that, when she reached the doorway, she found herself quite separated from every one she knew.

She paused in the wide corridor, while the warmly-wrapped ladies passed out with nods and smiles, and felt rather forlorn. Mrs. Luxmore might have waited, she thought. She gazed along the fast emptying space to catch the sight of a friendly face. Some one approached whom she knew—Oscar Mallinger.

"Miss Rutland," he said, rather breathlessly, "Mrs. Luxmore has sent me to fetch you."

The statement astonished Cecily; but, as she had so lately seen him speaking to Mrs. Luxmore, she unwillingly accepted his proffered arm, and they walked off together.

"I am terribly afraid that Mrs. Luxmore will have driven off," he said deferentially; "they are bringing up the carriages so fast, they will not allow a minute's delay. I thought I saw you get into Mrs. Braco's carriage, and I believe I told Mrs. Luxmore so. But you will allow me the privilege of taking care of you for that short distance? You know we are invited to supper at Randall's rooms?"

"Mrs. Luxmore said so," answered Cecily coldly, with anger and rebellion in her heart.

She felt herself in a fix. Everybody she knew seemed to have gone, yet to accept the escort of this man was intolerable. How could Mrs. Luxmore have subjected her to such a vexation? But of course Mrs. Luxmore knew no reason why Cecily should dislike to meet Mr. Mallinger. She could imagine the good lady's distress when, hurrying Phoebe into the carriage, and getting in herself, she had turned to find that her other charge was not following her; and how, as the non-servants ruthlessly shut her in and called up the next carriage, she had cried out to the first person she saw to bring Cecily to her.

That it should have been Mallinger, of all people, to whom she had appealed was a real misfortune; but the girl was determined to brave it out. After all, it would agitate her less to drive alone with him than to drive alone with Mr. Kent!

Strange indeed, but true, as she admitted, with silent wonder.

"Gone, as I feared!" said Oscar sympathetically, as they reached the wide doorway. "Wait a minute however, and my brougham will be up—"

"Mr. Mallinger's carriage!" he shouted the footman, and before she had time to reflect, Cecily found herself shut up with Oscar in the cosy little brougham, a fur rug drawn over her knees, and the wheels already in motion once more.

Could she but have known how madly the blood of this man was leaping through his veins, and the terrible excitement under which he laboured, she would scarcely have sat so quietly by his side.

There was a light moon, and it just lighted up her piquant profile, gray misty droopings, and the huge bouquet of snowy flowers, which filled the carriage with perfume.

Her companion was very silent; his time was not yet come, as he knew full well. He contented himself with stealthily observing her, noticing how well she was dressed—he was a man to whom such things appealed—and marvelling at his own folly in having allowed this prize so nearly to slip through his fingers. It seemed too wonderful to be true that on this night of all nights he should be free, his hated engagement broken, his bonds flung aside. For five minutes they drove in silence through the gas-lit and crowded streets—Cecily never noticed whither; but presently she nervously herself to say something which she felt must be said.

"I have not congratulated you on your engagement, Mr. Randall," she said, answering vehemently.

"My engagement! It is at an end, thank Heaven!"

A strange tremor ran through the girl's frame. For so many months she had been accustomed to say over to herself, "He is engaged to be married; he loves another woman." And now this wall of separation was broken down. His engagement was at an end; and he thanked Heaven! What would that news have meant to her three months back? Now, to-night, looking into her own heart, she realised that it was too late. Oscar Mallinger was nothing to her. She had no answer to make to him.

"Yes," he said, after a short pause; "that was the mistake of my life. My eyes were dazzled, my head was turned. I imagined that I could live without love and marry for position, like the rest of the world. But I was not so low as I thought I was. I did myself injustice—made a mistake. Do women ever pardon such a mistake, Miss Rutland?"

"I really cannot say."

He looked at her searchingly in the moonlight.

"You are cold and prudent—cold as the moon that shines upon you. You are right; I will be prudent too for a few moments."

Cecily was most unaccountably to the language of passion; she wished she were anywhere else than driving tête-à-tête with this man, to whom she felt so strangely indifferent.

"Are we nearly there?" she asked with an impatient gesture.

"Yes, nearly there," he said, with a sudden movement towards her so tender, a sudden inflection of voice so emotional that the girl shrank back from him, sitting erect behind her snow-white flower fence and quailing inwardly with a fear of she could not tell what. "You are shy of me; you barter me with flowers," he said reproachfully. "Is it that you are shy or angry—why?"

"Neither, as a matter of fact," she replied, with considerable vexation; "but I have a reason to be angry with you, though none, that I know of, to be shy. You tried to make me believe you sent me this bouquet."

"Well?"

"Well, you did not send it," said Cecily, with marked emphasis.

"How do you know that?"

"The real donor has acknowledged that he sent it."

"Has he produced proofs?"

"Certainly not, I believe his word."

"Against mine?"

Cecily was silent. The swiftly-rolling carriage stopped at the moment, and in an instant Mallinger was helping her to alight. They stood before the wide doorway of a handsome block of residential chambers; she experienced an unspeakable sense of relief that the drive was over and that she should soon be among her friends again. A strange feeling of actual repugnance towards her companion had taken the place of her former fear for him.

"It is the second floor," said Oscar, leading the way up the stone staircase.

Cecily followed. At the end of the second flight he opened a door, through the stained glass of which a rosy light streamed forth. A narrow corridor lined with good engravings and mezzotints met the view. Hurrying along it, he flung open a door, ushered the girl in, and, rapidly following, shut the door.

Cecily paused bewildered. She stood in a luxuriously-furnished sitting-room, with grand piano, lounges, antique furniture, Venetian lamps, and all the confusion of voluptuousness with which the Sybarite of our century can surround himself. But there was no sign of Paul Randall or of any of her party; she and Mallinger were alone. She turned indignantly towards him.

"Where am I? What have you done?"

"You are where I have often longed to see you. I have brought you to your home."

he answered, in tones which in their day had thrilled many a woman's heart.

"I do not understand you in the least. Explain your conduct at once," she said steadily, though her teeth chattered with vague terror and distrust.

"I have explained myself. You are in my rooms. All is fair in love, you know; and I love you, Cecily, as you must always have known that I loved you. I could not rest a moment, after once beholding your face to-night without pouring forth my adoration and my penitence. My love, my dream of sweetness, I know that you will hear me! I brought you here that you might hear me!"

The words were poured out in an undertone of the most intense feeling; the dark, burning, blue eyes were fixed upon her. Mallinger knew perfectly well what he said. He had not lost his self-control; but he was just excited enough to make him reckless of consequences. He meant no harm to Cecily—only to retrieve his lost celebrity, his lost position, by the magnificent stroke of engaging himself to the girl of whom all London to-morrow would be talking. His faculties had never been keener; but the mental balance was lost. His rapid rise, his ignominious fall, had partially unhinged him; for the time being he was a lunatic.

The girl heard his speech with repugnance. This the man whom she had professed to love? Why, she loathed, loathed, loathed him! For a moment strength left her, and she was terrified. Then a sense of her danger, her perilous position, brought back her courage at a bound.

"I will not hear you," she said, in a steady tone, though she was trembling violently. "How dare you behave to me, or speak to me, in such a manner? And how dare you deceive me by bringing me here? Let me go at once!"

She moved to the door. He darted there before her, locked it, and slipped the key into his pocket.

"You shall and must stay and hear me!" he cried, angry and surprised at her manner.

"Cecily, don't be hard upon me—forgive me! I must speak!"

"You shall not speak a word!" she answered, deathly pale. "Do you know what you are doing? Mr. Mallinger is strangely altered since I knew him, if he can detain a lady against her will."

"It is you—you who are altered," he retorted, in tones tenderly, passionately reproachful. "You are not the Cecily whom I knew, but some one changed—spoiled by prosperity! You have forgotten me; but I cannot forget!"

"Mr. Mallinger, you will let me pass that door at once! No further delay will I suffer!" Her eyes flashed as she advanced close to where he stood. She was so angry that for a moment terror was forgotten.

"Unlock that door!" she said, between her teeth.

He made a movement towards her as if he would have taken her in his arms. She sprang backwards, away from him, clenching her small hand.

"If you touch me, I'll strike you!" she said furiously. "You are a bad man! What excuse have I given you to treat me like this?"

"Are not you yourself enough for anything?" asked Oscar, driven still more out of himself by her resistance. "Do you dare pretend to have forgotten the past—to have forgotten all it held for you and me? Were you to look me in the face and say you did not remember, I would not believe you! You played the 'Abschied' to-night!"

"I decline to hold any sort of conversation with you, sir. I will not enter upon the subject. It is as useless as it is ungentlemanly of you to keep me here. The only course open to you is to apologise to me and let me go."

"I will not let you go until you listen to me," he said. "See, I obey your wishes; I do not even approach you, though I long to take you in my arms. Instead, I kneel before you—I, who never knelt to human being before. I want your pardon. Do you not understand?"

There was no answer. The girl's eyes were fixed slightly upwards; her hands were joined. She was praying.

"Cecily, have you no pity, no pardon?"

"None, sir. What is the meaning of this mockery—trying for pardon to the prisoner whom you refuse to release?"

"You will not understand! I mean pardon for my infamous behaviour in leaving you, whom I loved, to engage myself to Blanche, whom I did not love."

"It is a matter of absolute indifference to me Mr. Mallinger, to whom you choose to engage yourself. You are raving, I believe! It is your intention to insult me, and you are succeeding very well!"

"You dare to pretend to misunderstand me?" he cried, springing to his feet. "Beware—I tell you, beware! I understand you perfectly. Your resentment is natural; but I will atone. See how I abase myself before you! Oh, my darling, my only love, my whole life shall show you the depth of my repentance!"

"Let me go, then!"

"Yes, yes; you shall go immediately! Only speak the words—only say to me, 'I forgive you, Oscar, all the shameful past, and I will be your wife—' that is what I want you to promise; for that I brought you here! Love makes opportunities; and this is mine! Only say you will be my wife, and I release you instantly! Have pity upon me, my own; I suffer terribly!"

He was kneeling by the table, and as he spoke, he laid his arm upon it, dropped his fair head with its waving locks upon his arm, and waited in an attitude of abandoned love and grief. Presently Cecily's voice sounded, icy cold and clear.

"There must be no doubt about this matter," she said, calmly. "I am willing to believe that you are acting under a complete misapprehension of my feelings. I have nothing to forgive you for. You have not injured me until to-night; and I would sooner be tortured to death than be your wife! Now I think that is clear. There can be no further object in prolonging this interview."

He raised his desperate face from its lowly hiding-place, and the look of it sent a vague horror through Cecily. She felt as though she were in a dreadful nightmare from which she must soon awaken. Naturally she was ignorant of the full gravity of the consequences which might arise from her present position; but she had that instinctive dread, that shrinking from evil which seems to be innate in all good women.

Heavily Oscar arose from his knees, brushing his hand over his beautiful eyes. He seemed weighed down, crushed by her words; and she hoped he might be going to unlock the door. Instead he went to a table-drawer, unlocked it and took out a beautiful little revolver. The table was an exquisite Venetian *Cinque-cento* bureau, and a small copper lamp standing upon it shed its light over the young man's beautiful face and head, over his hands and the murderous little weapon which he held. Cecily gazed at him as if fascinated.

"You will not terrify me with firearms!" she said contemptuously. "Are you going to shoot me?"

"You!" he said, turning to her, while tears sprang into his eyes. "You! I would not hurt a hair of your head! I love you, Cecily, cruel, beautiful that you are! I cannot bear my life without you. Do you think I could bear to see you the wife of another man—the man who gave you those flowers? No! I am going to blow my own brains out!"

She laughed scornfully.

"I am unsophisticated, but not quite the country idiot you imagine me. I am not to be frightened by melodrama. People do not commit suicide for love nowadays."

"You know nothing about it!" he answered passionately, his whole manner changing. "You do not know or understand that you are life—life itself—to me. If you still adhere to what you said just now, if you mean it, I swear to you I will shoot myself before your very eyes."

"I am not afraid; I do not believe you," she replied, undaunted. "You must be out of your senses. But none of this nonsense has any effect with me. You may as well release me. Oh, Mr. Mallinger—with a sudden change of tone—"he yourself—be for a few moments what I used to think you! Reflect on the cowardice, the dishonourableness of your conduct; set me free! Tell me you are sorry to have grieved me!"

"Cecily," he cried, laying the revolver upon the table and approaching her, "I will! I will do anything you bid me for one kind word! Oh, my darling, think of the past! You remember all! I see—I know you do. If I could tell you how I felt when I went down to Greyfriars Church, when I saw all the old haunts where we used to be so happy together! How my conscience smote me! How I longed to hear you say you forgave me, till the longing dominated me completely! Weak I have been, sweet love, but never disloyal. I loved and loved you on and on, even when promised to another. Cecily, I am desperate—I am at bay! I do not stop to reason, or reflect, or apologise. I love only you, madly, blindly, completely, for ever and ever! You are mine—you must be! It is Heaven's law, and no one may contradict it. You are mine, my love, my wife, and you know it! Mine the love—yield yourself up; you belong to Oscar and no other!"

The wildness of his words increased; he was losing all control over himself. The impassioned appeal struck Cecily mute and motionless. She stood as if fascinated, while he poured out the torrent of his passion. It was genuine enough. He did love her, as he understood love—weak, base, and degraded. He recognised her purity and integrity and clung to her as his only hope of salvation. She could see his terrible emotion, but she knew only one of its causes. Of his formidable array of debts and disgrace she was of course entirely ignorant. Like all men of his stamp, he had, immediately on his engagement, traded largely on his expectations. Great extravagance had been necessary to him in keeping up appearances among the society in which he moved. Now that the engagement was broken, his creditors in a body would surround him. He was already involved in a lawsuit which might result in heavy damages. He was absolutely reckless, absolutely despairing. He cared neither what he did nor what became of him if he could not have Cecily.

Seeing her silent still, regarding him with wide eyes, his passion and the excitement under which he was labouring swept up over his arms and mastered him. He seized her in his arms, drawing her strongly and tightly to him, and kissed her on the mouth repeatedly and madly. For a moment she was powerless, breathless, horror-stricken, bewildered, almost stunned. Then con-

sciousness and almost superhuman strength returned. Wrenching herself away, she sprang a step from him, and, with clenched fist, struck him upon the mouth a blow which drew blood from every knuckle; and, finding her voice, she cried aloud, as she felt the blow—

"I hate you!"

He staggered back against the table, and his hand went feeling behind him for an object which lay there. The terrified girl ran wildly round the room, frantically pulled at the door-handle and uttered cry upon cry. Then, suddenly turning, she beheld Oscar, slowly raising the revolver to his temple with a look upon his face indescribably horrible and fixed.

With an impulse of womanly compunction, she rushed towards him. He held out his left hand to ward her off. Reckless of her danger, she grappled with him and tried to seize the pistol.

There was a sharp report.

CHAPTER X.

Julian Kent left Camelot House with a feeling of disappointment and in some irritation. By the time the garrulous Duke released him, every one had gone home. He emerged to find the corridors, so lately thronged with gay colours and lively groups, empty and deserted. The last carriage had rolled away. His forcible detention had cost him more than he knew. It had excluded him from Paul Randall's supper-party. In the hurry and excitement of the moment, the young man had forgotten the absent Kent.

However, the novelist was not a man given to moods or to unreasonable despondency. The most he had hoped for that evening had been the privilege of handing Cecily into her carriage and perhaps receiving a look, a smile to treasure in his heart on his homeward way. This had been denied him, but he would soon see her again. To-morrow he would go and call at Pemberton Square, and ask how she felt after her ovation. Meanwhile he had a chance to do a kindness, and he would make use of it. He would go to Mallinger's rooms and find out if he needed help, either from brain or purse.

As he approached Roscommon Chambers, he saw the smart little brougham lately affected by the young celebrity moving slowly along the road, evidently waiting for Mallinger, the entrance door of which stood open.

"I may just catch him," he reflected; "he is evidently at home now."

He hurried up the public staircase, his mind full of Cecily. As he reached the first floor, he heard a sound which startled him out of his imaginings and for an instant arrested his footsteps—a woman's scream.

With an instinctive dread in his heart, he dashed on; and another cry and yet another were distinctly audible. Then as he gained the stair-head, came the unmistakable sound of a pistol-shot; after which there was silence.

All sorts of horrible conjectures crowded into his mind, each widely far from the truth. The sound proceeded most decidedly from the suite of rooms occupied by Mallinger, the entrance door of which stood open.

Kent dashed in and along the passage to the sitting-room door, which he tried in vain; it was locked.

"Mallinger," he cried, rapping smartly at the panel, "let me in, I say! Are you there?"

No answer, no movement from within. Yet some one must be there, or why was the door locked? He waited a moment and then called again—

"Is nobody there?"

Applying his ear to the key-hole, he heard a sound—a slight sound as of the rustle of a woman's silk dress. Very soft steps crossed the floor; they paused at the door, and then a low voice asked—

"Who is it?"

He knew the voice instantly, and his brave heart died within him. A cold chill crept over every limb.

"Great heaven," he ejaculated, "what is the matter? What can possibly have happened?"

"Open the door!" said the same stifled voice.

"Where is the key?" he asked frantically.

"I cannot give it to you. You must open the door without it."

"Is Mallinger there?" he cried.—"Yes, he is."

"Why does he not open the door?"

No answer was returned.

"Cecily—Miss Rutland, I implore you to give me the key!"

"I cannot."

"Is it there?"—"Yes."

"Can you not pass it under the door?"—"No."

"What am I to do then?" he cried despairingly.

"Open the door," she repeated steadily.

"Kent put up both hands to his head as if to exclude the ghastly surmises pouring in upon him. Cecily—Cecily Rutland—in Mallinger's rooms, locked in, and past midnight! What could it possibly mean? Had he—Julian—been fatally mistaken in her? Could he be awake and sane, or was it a delusion—some other woman's voice which to his prepossessed imagination sounded like hers?

And, if Mallinger were there, why did he not open the door?

"You have not gone away?" suddenly waited the girl's voice from within. It was hers, without a doubt.

"No—no," he answered hurriedly; "I am here. Shall I go and knock up the porter and get a key? No, wait a moment; how stupid I am! I think I can get to you through the bedroom, along the balcony, if you can open the window to me."

"I will—I will! Oh, for pity's sake, be quick!"

He wasted no more time, but dashed in through the bedroom, along the balcony, and in at the sitting-room window, which Cecily opened for him.

There she stood, so white and cold and rigid that it might have been her ghost; there was a look in her eyes that terrified him. Near the fire lay Mallinger, partly on the ground, partly on a sofa. He was in a twisted attitude, his face hidden, as if he had rolled over. His hands were clenched and his arms thrown out. On the hearthrug at his feet lay a pistol.

"Gracious Heaven!" cried Julian, with pale lips, as he went forward, with hurried yet uncertain steps, and stooped over the motionless figure. "Mallinger—Oscar, my lad, look up!" he cried hoarsely from his trembling lips, as he turned the beautiful face up to the lamplight.

It was unmistakably the open

fixed eyes told that. Julian almost reeled with horror as he began to realise it and as his glance fell upon the slowly spreading crimson stain on the white shirt front.

This was the end of the brief, brilliant history—the natural end, moreover. Oscar Mallinger's death was the direct outcome of his life. His creed, if he had one, had been a creed of despair. Now that things went wrong, what more fitting than to enter protest—to show his entire belief that he himself knew what was best for him and would take the law into his own hands?

Thoughts like these flashed with lightning speed into Kent's mind as he stood, gazing passionately down upon the beautiful yet terrible face of the dead. In the supreme shock and horror of the moment, he had almost forgotten Cecily. She gave no sign, and, as he laid Oscar's head back upon a pillow and turned quickly, he thought she must have fainted; but she was standing erect, with her back towards him, motionless.

"Miss Rutland."

She moved slightly without turning; she put up her hand to her face. He went to her and saw how she shuddered and shook from head to foot.

"Can you speak to me?" he asked softly.

"Do you remember—can you tell me—how this came about?"

She turned her face upon him, scanning his expression with dilated eyes, as if to see whether he distrusted her. Then seeing his look of grief and horror, she suddenly burst forth—

"I tried to prevent his doing it, but he would! I am not a murderer, I—I want to tell you! Oh—"

She broke off suddenly, with a violent fit of trembling, and staggered, clutching at a chair. He made a step forward and caught her. For a moment she seemed as if she would break away from him; then, as if hardly knowing what she did, she flung both arms around his neck, crying wildly and confusedly—

"Oh, hold me! Take me away! Don't let me see him! I feel so wild! I am going mad, I think! But I want to say something first; I am so thankful it was you—you. You can understand—you will listen to me. I did not do wrong; he told me a lie; he brought me here under false pretences. I thought we were going to Mr. Randall's rooms. He looked at the door; he said he would not open it till I had promised to be his wife! His wife—I could not! You know I could not! Oh say I was right! I tried to stop him, but what could I do? Oh, take me away—let me go home! I cannot look at him; but it is not my fault, is it? Oh, say it is not my fault!"

"My poor child, my poor dear child," he said, with a depth of pity, of comprehension, of tenderness which soothed the frenzy of her excitement instantly. "I know—I understand. You could not help it; but his judgment is taken out of our hands. Thank Heaven I came here to-night—that it was I who found you! Now I will take you home. Trust me! I will explain everything—arrange everything for you; you must just rest and be at peace. Will you trust me, Cecily?"

"With all my heart—anywhere, always," she cried softly, raising her eyes to his steadfast ones.

He drew her tenderly towards him, laying a hand upon her burning forehead, and whispered, as though he could not help it, the words "My Cecily!" before he led her through the window as fast as possible from the scene of terror, downstairs into the still waiting carriage, and so home to Pemberton Square.

Mrs. Julian Kent is much admired among her husband's very numerous circle of friends. She is a most happy and beloved wife, and the gentle sweetness of her manner is an additional charm. But one peculiarity of hers is frequently discussed with great wonder among her acquaintances. She can endure neither the sight nor the sound of a violin. A great deal is said, by those who do not know her intimately, about affection and crazes which ought to be overcome; and they wonder that her clever and sensible husband does not break her of so fanciful an idea. But those who best know and love Cecily Kent know that there is a cause. The violin reminds her too forcibly of a certain terrible night in her life the dark memories of which no years of happiness have yet availed to efface.

ROBIN GRAY.

[THE END.]

Converting Coal into Electrical Energy.

The solution of the problem of converting coal directly into electricity, which is being grappled with by some of the first inventors of the day, is estimated to mean the opening up to mankind of benefits equal to twenty times those following in the wake of the steam engine, and the steam engines of the world to-day are doing work that would require the labor of 1,000,000,000 men. At present coal is burned under a boiler for the production of steam; the steam is passed through an engine and power is produced; then the power of the engine turns a dynamo and electricity is created. In the course of this long and elaborate process there is a clear loss of 95 per cent. of power, so that only 5 per cent. is really available. An electrician, who has faith in the ultimate devising of an electric generator, in which coal is shoveled in at the bottom and electricity taken out at the top and the enormous waste of present methods saved, has calculated that among the results of this change would be the possibility of a transatlantic steamship that now burns 300 tons of coal per day, doing a day's work with but fifteen; or, with the present coal consumption being able to cross the ocean in less than two days. In the same way, an electric locomotive, carrying its own supply of coal and generating its own electricity, would be able to haul a train of cars from Boston to New York in less than two hours. Furthermore, the machinery of our great manufacturing, which now require to move its power equal to the labor of 2,000,000 men, could then be operated for one-twentieth of the present cost.

Ubahity.

Farmer (emerging from shadow of hen-house)—"Hold on there, you old rascal! I saw you coming an' I jest thought you wouldn't be able to go by that pullet."

Rastus—"Go by dat pullet? No, sah! reckon not, sah! I's got some human'ity in me, sah. Yo' didn't 't'pose I c'd see a po' chicken roost out a tree'd a cude la'd, did yo'?"

The term hand, used in measuring tows, means 4 laches.

MINDEN ECHO

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A MONO MILLS MIRACLE.

A Tale That Reads Like a Novel

The Story of George Hewitt—Helpless for Thirty Years—At Last Finds Relief in a Simple Way—The Story Corroborated by Reliable Witnesses.

Orangeville Post.

For several months The Post, in common with many other journals of Ontario, has been publishing accounts of miraculous cures in various parts of Canada and the United States. We must confess, however, that we have paid little or no attention to these reported miracles, and probably our indifference would have continued to the end had it not been for a little accident that occurred in our office when Washburn's circus was in Orangeville a few weeks ago. Mr. Stewart Mason, a respectable young farmer of Albion township, called at our office on business on that occasion, and as he was leaving we happened to ask him—a course generally pursued by the newspaper man in search of news—if there was anything new in his vicinity. He replied that there was nothing very startling and followed this up by asking us if we had heard of the wonderful cure of a man named Hewitt at Mono Mills. We confessed ignorance, and then Mr. Mason said that from what he had heard it was undoubtedly another miraculous cure through the agency of Dr. Williams' famous Pink Pills. We had become so thoroughly imbued with the idea that the various details of miracles in other parts were only a new and catching fake in the booming of patent medicines that we must admit Mr. Mason's intimation of a genuine local cure at once excited our interest. We took a note of the name and, quietly made up our mind to investigate the matter at our earliest convenience. We came to the conclusion that there must be something in it, for Mr. Mason, a respectable and reliable young farmer, would not for a moment be suspected of equivocating on a matter in which he had any interest, much less in one which did not concern him. A few days ago The Post despatched a representative to Mono Mills to make a full investigation of the alleged cure of George Hewitt. He first called on Mr. John Aldous, proprietor of the Commercial Hotel, and after a few usual preliminaries asked him if he knew a man named Hewitt, in the village. "Is that the old man that wasn't able to move a short time ago, and is now getting all right so fast?" queried Mr. Aldous. The reporter nodded assent, and in less time than it takes to tell it the quilldriver and the obliging Mr. Aldous were on their way to the neat and comfortable home of Mr. Samuel Benson, with whom it was learned Mr. Hewitt resided. The Benson home is in the eastern suburb of the village and upon the reporter and Mr. Aldous calling, they were courteously received by the busy housewife, who was not too busy, however, to spare time to tell The Post about her interesting boarder and his miraculous cure. Mr. Benson was not at home, and The Post at once suspected that a gentleman between 50 and 60 years, who occupied a chair in a corner of the cosy room, was no other than the famous Geo. Hewitt. The surmise proved correct. Mr. Hewitt shook hands with the scribe, remarking as he did so: "I could not have taken hold of your hand a few months ago." When the object of the visit was announced, Mr. Hewitt, who is an intelligent, well educated man, began to dilate in glowing terms on the wonderful change that had come over him. "Shall I tell you the whole story?" asked he of the reporter, and upon the latter intimating his desire to hear all, Mr. Hewitt gave him the following narrative:

MR. HEWITT'S WONDERFUL STORY.

"In old Ireland, thirty years ago, I was scaling a stone wall one day when I fell backward and had my spine injured so seriously that a short time later I became almost entirely disabled. The fatal effects of the fall were gradually but only too rapidly felt, and looking back on a stretch of time extending five years over a quarter of a century, there is little more in the prospect than a picture of pain and gloom and suffering. About twenty-eight years ago I came to Canada and am known around the country here for miles! Until twelve years ago I could sit on a chair when placed on it, and manage to move myself around a little. Then even that comfort was suddenly taken from me. One day I was unintentionally thrown off the chair, and the second fall may be said to have done all but end my life. There was not a ray of hope for me, not a sign of a break in the dark clouds. Ever since then my pitiable condition is known to every one in these parts. All power to use either arms or hands, legs or feet, completely left me. I could be propped upright in a chair, but something had to be put in front of me to keep me from falling forward. Usually a chair like this," and as Mr. Hewitt spoke he lifted and drew forward a chair which was near him, "was placed in front of me and on this I would rest my arms. Not only had all power left my limbs, but every feeling likewise. Why you could run a needle right into my flesh and I would not know what you were doing unless I saw the act. A myriad of flies might light and revel on me, but I would be in happy ignorance of the fact. When I was laid in bed I could not get up or move unaided if I was given all creation. The only part of my system in which any strength seemed to remain, was my neck, but at last even my head fell forward on my breast, and I was indeed a pitiable sight. My voice, formerly as clear and ringing as it is to-day, seemed to go like the strength and feeling from the rest of me, and sometimes I would be scarcely able to make myself understood. I know you hear me with incredulity, for you can scarcely believe that the helpless and homeless invalid I have described is the man who now sits before you, cheery, vigorous and hopeful. On the legs, which a short time ago were helpless and seemed useless, I can now walk with a little assistance, being able last evening to go to my room with my arm on Mrs. Benson's shoulder. Why, man, a few months ago I could not do that on the promise of inheriting the kingdom of heaven." Here Mr. Hewitt stamped both feet on the floor with much vigor and enthusiasm. "In those days," he resumed, "if I ever wrote anything it was by placing the handle of the pen between my teeth and getting through with the work in that way. Don't ask me if I tried the best doctors, I spent a fortune, thousands of dollars, in trying to get cured, I consulted physician after physician,

and I paid some of them high fees for their services. They all failed, utterly and hopelessly failed, to give me the slightest relief. You can put that down in big black letters. Of course you have heard what has wrought this wonderful change in me. I read in The Post and other papers of the miraculous cures effected by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, but I never dreamed that there was even a glimmer of hope for me through the use of this much advertised remedy. Miracles might be worked on every side of me, but there was no chance for me. I was like the doomed leper, a hopeless outcast, a being whose sufferings and disabilities would end only with the period of earthly existence. One day I picked up a paper and read the Saratoga miracle, that case where Mr. Quant was so miraculously restored by the Pink Pills, and at once concluded to try the amazing cure on myself. There must be some chance for me, I thought, when a man who was as helpless as Mr. Quant got such relief. I had no money, but I sent for Mr. W. J. Mills, our popular and kind hearted general merchant and postmaster, and he procured me a supply of the Pink Pills, and these I immediately commenced using with the joyful results I have described. My voice is fully restored, my head is upright once more, my chest (once so shrunk and hollow) is rapidly filling up, I am quickly securing the use of my legs and arms, and can feel the slightest touch on any part of me. Is there not a miracle here, indeed, and would I not be a base ingrate if I refused to sound the praises of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills? Even if I got no better than I am now I shall be forever grateful for what has been done for me. But I have great hope that the cure will go on until I am completely restored. I drove down to the village last twelfth of July. It was in April I commenced using the pills, and the friends who saw me could scarcely believe their eyes. It was like the appearance of a spectre or an apparition. Oh, I tell you sir," said the grateful man with enthusiasm, "it is my full intention to write a pamphlet on all that I have gone through, on all that has been done for me, and you may be sure that the chief prominence will be given to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They are a boon which cannot possibly be too widely known."

THE STORY CORROBORATED.

The reporter could scarcely believe that Mr. Hewitt's voice, now so silvery and resonant, was over the squeaky, feeble and indistinct organ of speech he had indicated, and the scribe questioned Mrs. Benson on this point. She said that every word Mr. Hewitt had related was literally true, and on the question of the restoration of his voice she was corroborated by Mr. Aldous, and other respectable witnesses whom the reporter met in the village later in the day. Mr. Aldous said he was not surprised at the hesitancy of people about believing the wonderful cure. He did not think that he himself could credit it if he had not been an eye witness of the whole affair. He had known Mr. Hewitt for years, knew that his former utter helplessness was as he had described, and either he had to say it was not Mr. Hewitt who sat before him or to admit the miraculous escape. "These pills," said Mr. Aldous, "are certainly a wonderful remedy."

The reporter shook hands with Mr. Benson and the cheerful Mr. Hewitt, and started forth into the street a doubting Thomas no longer, first promising to transmit to The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co. Mr. Hewitt's lavish expressions of thanks for what their wonderful Pink Pills had done for him. "Here we are," thought the scribe, "in the cold and practical nineteenth century, but here's something right here in this little village of Mono Mills mightily closely bordering on the miraculous all the same."

After leaving the Benson home the reporter sought out Postmaster Mills, whom he found equally eloquent in his praise of the wonderful Pink Pills. "They're certainly a great remedy," said he, "and anyone that doubts this has only to be told about George Hewitt's case. I suppose you have heard the whole story, and there's no use in my wearying you. The pills have undoubtedly worked the amazing change that is to be noticed in Hewitt's condition. It was I first sent for the pills for him, and I can certify to the striking change." The reporter further learned that the Pink Pills were kept for sale by Mr. Mills, and that the demand for them was large and increasing. The representative of The Post conversed with many other citizens of Mono Mills regarding Mr. Hewitt's case and found all agreed on the question of his former condition, his restoration and the remedy. Everyone in and around the village, in fact, appeared to know all about the cure, and Pink Pills seem to be a household word in that section. On the Post's return to Orangeville Mr. Richard Allen, ex-warden for Dufferin county, dropped into our office. The ex-warden resides about three miles from Mono Mills, and was asked if he had heard anything about what Dr. Williams' Pink Pills had done for Mr. Hewitt. He had heard all about the case, and was unhesitating in expressing the opinion that this was a striking instance of great results following the use of the pills. "I'm not much of a believer in wonderful cures I read about," said the ex-warden, "but I have known Hewitt for years, and this change in him is certainly astounding." The Post was surprised to hear that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills were extensively used in this section, but after the Hewitt narrative it was not surprised to hear of great beneficial results following the use of the great remedy. We are disposed to conclude from what some parties told us, that the base imitation business is already entered upon by unprincipled persons, and the public will do well to see that the Pink Pills they purchase have all the marks of genuineness advertised by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are not a patent medicine in the sense in which that term is usually understood, but a scientific preparation. They contain in a condensed form all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effects of la grippe, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexions, and the tired feeling resulting from nervous prostration; all diseases depending upon vitiated humors in the blood, such as scrofula, erysipelas, etc. They are also a specific for troubles peculiar to females such as suppressions, irregularities, and all forms of weakness. They build up the blood and restore the glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. In the case of men they effect a radical cure in

all cases arising from mental worry, overwork, or excesses of whatever nature.

These Pills are manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., and Schenectady, N. Y., and are sold only in boxes bearing their trade mark and wrapper, at 50 cts. a box, or six boxes for \$2.50. Bear in mind that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are never sold in bulk or by the dozen or hundred, and any dealer who offers substitutes is trying to defraud you and should be avoided. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills can be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company from either address. The price at which these pills are sold makes a course of treatment comparatively inexpensive, as compared with other remedies or medical treatment.

A WONDERFUL SHOT.

A Story Told by a French Paper but It Seems Almost Incredible.

An extraordinary adventure lately befell a citizen of Apty, in the South of France. A Paris journal, in copying the story, explains that occurrences of the kind never take place except in Southern France.

But that is not true. For enter into any hunter's camp in the wild and Woolly West and you may hear yarns just as ingenious, and not a bit more truthful than this.

A hunter who has spent a considerable part of the day in an unsuccessful quest for game, and had discharged his shotgun many times without result, caught sight, on his way home, of a superb pigeon well up in an oak tree, which grew on a very steep hillside.

The hunter's gun was charged with powder, but he was entirely out of shot. In this emergency, and resolving firmly that he would have the pigeon, he sat down on the ground, took out his pocket knife, and with it pulled several nails out of the soles of his shoes. With these he loaded his gun.

The pigeon sat in his place. The hunter aimed, fired, and the pigeon was nailed to a branch of the oak tree with the shoe nails.

The hunter was almost in despair, seeing the game apparently fastened beyond his reach. But he climbed the tree, ascended with difficulty to the places where the pigeon hung, and had just taken the bird off when he lost his footing and fell through the air.

As chance would have it, the hunter landed in the midst of a hare's nest. He began to roll rapidly down the steep and slippery hillside; but before he did so he seized a large hare firmly by the hind legs.

Rolling forward, the hunter slid plump into a covey of partridge, and striking about him with the hare he succeeded in killing nine of these admirable birds.

He then picked himself up and took himself homeward with his pigeon, his hare, and his partridges, well satisfied with the results of his shot.

A BRAVE ALPINE GUIDE.

He Prevents His Patron From Falling into a Crevasse Till Help Arrives.

It is a thrilling story of mountaineering that is told to illustrate the danger of making difficult ascents with a single guide. A traveler fell through a snow bridge. His single guide could just preserve his equilibrium, but was quite unable to do more; he could only hold loyally by the rope and wait for the event. It is difficult to conceive a crueler situation or a more terrible responsibility—the very punishment devised by Mezentius—and yet to decide upon cutting himself free!

Fortunately, after about an hour—but by the merest chance—another party came in sight upon the glacier, and the traveler was drawn up in time to save his life. If the rule is observed that at least three persons must be on the rope, no such danger can ever occur. Though the idea still lingers that brandy keeps out the cold, the writer on mountaineering repeats that it has the opposite effect, and adds that as a cure for giddiness, alcohol is also valueless. The broad path is the only remedy for giddiness.

Another which was once tried may be efficacious enough, but is only mentioned, without being recommended, in the following story: A party of four were entering on a narrow ledge, when one of the travelers declared that he was giddy and could not move. The leader, one of the two most famous Oberland men of the time, (nearly thirty years ago,) merely turned to the second guide with the brief command: "Push him over." His orders were always beyond question, and the traveler was straightway lowered over the precipice and, after dangling on the rope for a few seconds, was drawn back with all his powers of climbing restored.

A Hopeless Minority.

A well-known Congregational minister was one day preaching as usual, when a half-intoxicated soldier strolled in, and having secured a seat, sank into it and was soon fast asleep.

The preacher, in the course of his sermon, declared that all men intended to reform in the future, however careless they might be in the present, and wishing to drive home the point he was making he asked all of his congregation who hoped to go to heaven to stand.

The whole congregation, with the exception of the sleeping soldier, immediately rose.

"Now," continued the preacher, "will you please take your seats and will those who intend to go to everlasting punishment rise?"

His request was so far complied with that all his hearers resumed their seats. The soldier, who had been sufficiently awakened by the first movement to understand that something unusual was going on, now staggered to his feet.

The people gazed at him with horrified wonderment, while he, looking around with tipsy gravity, at length leaned forward and addressed the minister: "Well, parson, I don't quite know what subject we are voting on, but you and I seem to be in a hopeless minority."

Lieutenant Thorpe—"Were you present when Meynell died? What were his last words?" Lieutenant Foley—"He hadn't any—his wife was with him at the time."

Miss Antique (taking seat polit y p offered in crowded railway car.)—"Thank you, my little man. You have been taught to be polite, I am glad to see. Did your mother tell you to always give up your seat to ladies?" Polite Boy—"No'm, not all ladies; only old ladies."

What Would She do?

BY EDWARD W. BARNARD.

If I kissed you would you be indignant with me—make resistance? Flush and blush and order me in? Break your pretty voice in two? Calling some one to assist you—Toll me, sweet, what would you do? If I kissed you?

If you kissed me I might scold you Under certain circumstances; And at more than arm's length hold you To discourage your advances. But if none were near but you—As at this minute—to assist me, Tell me, please what could I do? If you kissed me?

Lancaster—"Are you making as much fuss over your baby now as you did two months ago?" Forrester—"Oh, no; I've quit all that. The baby is making all the fuss now."

No one doubts that Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy really cures Catarrh, whether the disease be recent or of long standing, because the makers of it clinch their faith in it with a \$500 guarantee, which isn't a mere newspaper guarantee, but "on call" in a moment. That moment is when you prove that its makers can't cure you. The reason for their faith is this: Dr. Sage's remedy has proved itself the right cure for ninety-nine out of one hundred cases of Catarrh in the Head, and the World's Dispensary Medical Association can afford to take the risk of you being the one hundredth.

The only question is—are you willing to make the test, if the makers are willing to take the risk? If so, the rest is easy. You pay your druggist 50 cents and the trial begins. If you're wanting the \$500 you'll get something better—a cure!

Putting with a hair in it is sweetness wasted on a dessert hair.

GIBBONS' TOOTHACHE GUM acts as a temporary filling, and stops toothache instantly. Sold by druggists.

The same wind that brings a cloud will bear it away again.

Dr. Harvey's Southern Red Pine for coughs and colds is the most reliable and perfect cough medicine in the market. For sale everywhere.

Distance does not lend enchantment to the view of the cross.

A. P. 634.



Clifford Blackman

A Boston Boy's Eyesight Saved—Perhaps His Life

By Hood's Sarsaparilla—Blood Poisoned by Canker.

Read the following from a grateful mother: "My little boy had Scarlet Fever when 4 years old, and it left him very weak and with blood poisoned with canker. His eyes became so inflamed that his sufferings were intense, and for seven weeks he

Could Not Open His Eyes. I took him twice during that time to the Eye and Ear Infirmary on Charles street, but their remedies failed to do him the faintest shadow of good. I commenced giving him Hood's Sarsaparilla and it soon cured him. I have never doubted that it saved his sight, even if not his very life. You may use this testimonial in any way you choose. I am always ready to sound the praise of

Hood's Sarsaparilla

because of the wonderful good it did my son." ARNOLD F. BLACKMAN, 2888 Washington St., Boston, Mass. GET HOOD'S.

HOOD'S PILLS are hand made, and are perfect in composition, proportion and appearance.

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WATSON'S COUGH DROPS

WILL GIVE POSITIVE AND INSTANT RELIEF TO THOSE SUFFERING FROM COLDS, HOARSENESS, SORE THROAT, ETC., AND ARE INVALUABLE TO ORATORS AND VOCALISTS. R. & T. W. STAMPED ON EACH DROP. TRY THEM

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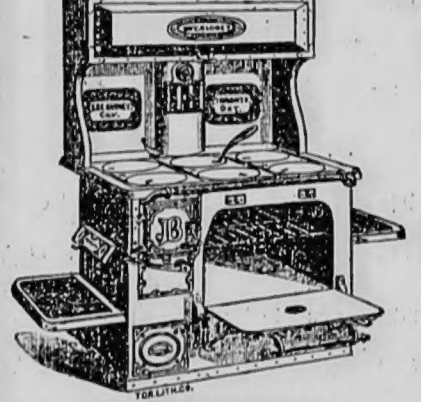
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THE LADIES HOME MAGAZINE presents its great Fall Competition to the public of America. The first prize is \$1,000 in cash; the second, \$500 cash; 3rd, 1st prize; 4th, Ladies Seal Coat; 5th, \$250 cash; 6th, Ladies Gold Watch; 7th, Silk Dress. Then follows 100 elegant Silver Tea Sets to the next 100 correct answers. 100 beautiful 5 o'clock Silver Service, and 500 other articles of Silverware, making the most expensive and magnificent list of rewards ever offered by any publisher.

QUESTIONS: (1) How many Books does the Bible contain? (2) How many Chapters? (3) How many verses? (4) Every list of answers must be accompanied by a letter to pay for six months subscription to the LADIES HOME MAGAZINE—one of the brightest and best illustrated publications of the day.

LAST PRIZES—In addition to the above we will give 1000 prizes consisting of magnificent Silver Service, 5 o'clock Services, &c. &c., for Last Correct Answers received before the close of the Competition, which will be on December 31, 1892. The object in offering these liberal prizes is to extend the LADIES HOME MAGAZINE in NEW homes in the United States and Canada. Present subscribers may avail themselves of it by enclosing \$1.00 with last answers and the address of some friend to whom the magazine can be sent for six months, or have their subscription extended beyond the time already paid for. From subscribers residing in the United States send to: New York branch. American currency and postage stamps will be taken. Be sure and request all letters. Address: THE LADIES HOME MAGAZINE, Peterborough, Canada.

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Now is the time to purchase stock in this sale. 80 horses, shares \$5 each, shares not to exceed 3,200 in number. Corn breaker, b.s., five yrs old, record 2.20, heads the list. Texas Jack, jr., s., six yrs old, record 2.27 1/2. Second, the dams of four in the 2.36 list. Fanny Walker, a noted six-year-old trotting mare; about ten A 1 pacing mares, lot of young Texas Jack pacers, all in this sale. This is not a matter of choice but of necessity to pay up an estate.

A catalogue giving description and pedigree of every horse, etc., in this sale goes with each share. Sale sure to take place whether shares are all sold or not.

Agents wanted everywhere to sell shares. If you don't see an agent send direct to the undersigned.

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FIFTY DOLLARS

Spent with me, whether CASH or PRODUCE, each year, I will give them THE MINDEN Echo free for

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Remember, taking ALL THINGS TOGETHER, Gorrie's is the best place to trade in the back country. We are interested in your welfare, and intend to give you goods as low as my legitimate profit will allow. We stand today doing the largest trade we ever did, and intend to do more by

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Don't be humbugged by catches, but come right along to Gorrie's, where you can always return anything you get that is not just what we recommend it to be. It's not necessary to say what we sell, as we sell everything, and buy anything we can sell.

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" Heavy All Wool Socks	12 1/2
" Wool Undershirts	25
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See the Wonder Brace, 2 pair or	25
All Wool Cashmere (all shades)	25
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2500 yds. Gray Flannel, going at	15
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White Wool Bed Blankets (very large) ex. h'vy, only	2 00
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6 White and Fancy assorted Hdk's	25
Men's Waterproof Coats (regular \$3.75) now	2 00
Fingering Yarns, per Skein	5
6 lbs. White Wool Bed Blankets	2 50
Boy's 2 piece Winter Suit (and base ball bat or bat free) for	1 95
Ladies White Cotton Chemise, lace trimmed, sale price	29
Ladies White Cotton Night Gowns, lace trimmed going at	48
700 Men's Winter Caps, to be cleared at	25
Ladies Heavy Winter Shawls (big plum at)	1 95
Wide Hemp Carpet, now	10

We have the Largest Stock Ladies Mantles in the County. " " the Best Quality and the Lowest Price Stock of Men's and Boys' Overcoats and Suits ever offered for Sale.

The Ladies all agree that we have Largest Assortment of DRY GOODS at the Lowest Prices ever before shown in Lindsay.

WE WANT EVERY FATHER AND MOTHER, SISTER AND BROTHER AND OLD MAIDS as well to make out a list of their wants for winter and come direct to THE GOLDEN LION, Where you are all WELCOME.

Send your orders by mail if you cannot come yourself and if goods we send you are not right they can be returned at OUR EXPENSE.

M. J. CARTER, The Cheapest Dry Goods Dealer in the County.

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